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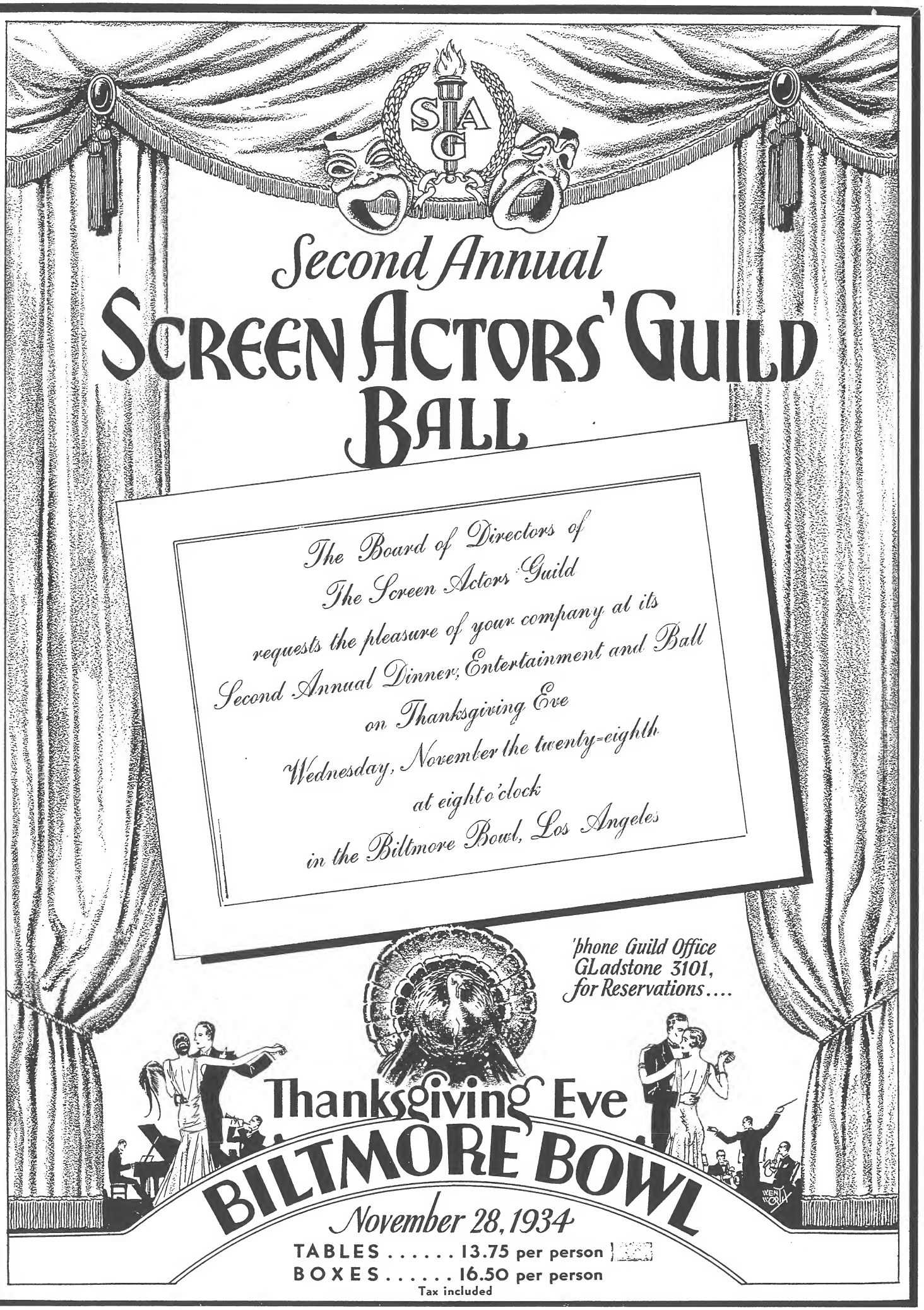
Of Benefit to the Industry . . . By Ida M. Tarbell

the Screen Guilds' magazine

Mary Carr
Homer Croy
Henry James Forman
Oliver Garrett
John Howard Lawson
Clarence Muse
Edwin Schallert
Sidney Sutherland
Frank Tuttle

Writers to Select Five Best Pictures . . . .

A NEW FEATURE
By "PINTO" COLVIG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BALL
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The Screen Actors' Guild
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The Screen Guilds' Magazine

Published Jointly by the Screen Writers' Guild of the Authors' League of America and the Screen Actors' Guild

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Christmas 1934

A year ago the Christmas stockings of the two Screen Guilds, hanging side by side, were rather lank. This year they will be exceedingly full. They represent organizations which, after twelve months of labor and clear-visioned guidance are now among the most powerful in the industry.

Before Christmas the thirty-five hundred members of the Actors' Guild will meet for the purpose of ratifying an affiliation with the Actors' Equity Association. Upon ratification, this Guild will apply to the Associated Actors and Artists of America for a charter granting the Guild exclusive jurisdiction of the motion picture actors' field in the United States and Canada. Equity agrees to cause the charter to be issued.

The Writers' Guild, also during December, has matters of moment toward which it may look expectantly. First, there is the hope that the work of producer and writer members of the Five-and-Five will eventuate in an equitable standard contract.

Now, as we go to press, word is received of an important meeting of the Authors' League Council at which favorable consideration was given to an affiliation of the American Newspaper Guild with the Screen Writers' Guild, the Dramatists' Guild, and the Authors' Guild. This will make a powerful confederation of writer organizations.

Also in the Christmas stocking of the two Screen Guilds will be encouraging reports from their treasurers. Dues are being paid with increasing celerity The Actors' Second Annual Ball was even more brilliant, socially and financially, than the Ball last year. The Junior Actors' Guild surprised itself by making its delightful party a financial success. And the advance reports on the first Annual Dinner Dance to be given by the Writers' Guild harbinger a sell-out for table reservations at the Trocadero on the evening of December 20.

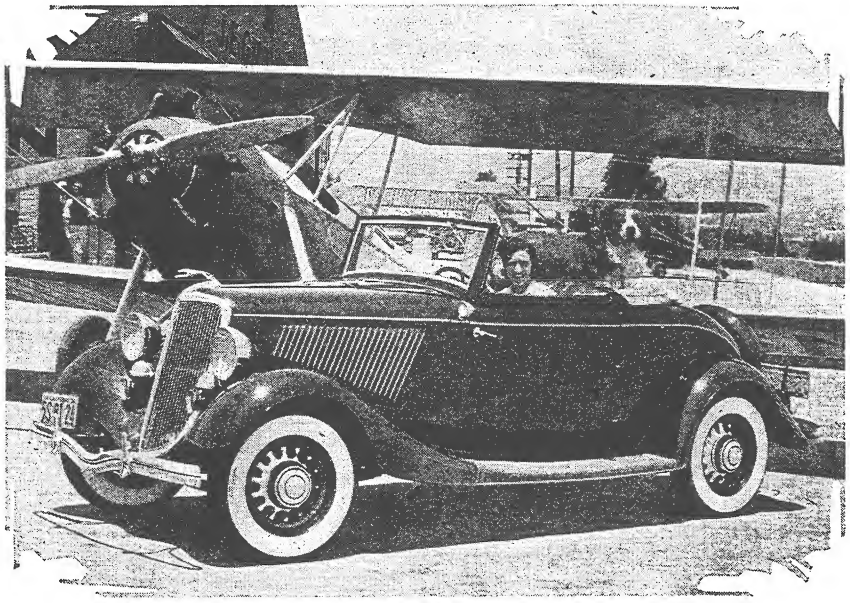
A feature of this evening will be the announcement of the five best written pictures of the year—selected by vote of the 750 members of the Screen Writers' Guild. (See article by Sidney Sutherland, Page 5.)

Finally, in the Christmas stocking of THE SCREEN GUILDS' MAGAZINE there will be a new editorial staff. The editors, who for six months have given their time to this work, have proposed a new policy for the magazine and this has been passed by the Executive Board of the Writers' Guild and agreed to by a majority of the contributing editors of the Actors' Guild: To lessen the editorial burden in the future there will be a revolving editorial staff. Three editors will hold this position for three months. They will appoint from among themselves their Editor-in-chief and each will select his own assistant editors. The Secretary of the Actors' Guild, Kenneth Thomson, will continue as managing editor.

The editors named by the Executive Board for the first three months are: William Conselman, Sidney Sutherland, and Allen Rivkin.

The magazine has made a place for itself in the motion picture community. The members of both Guilds have stood solidly back of the editors during the difficult period which has passed and have responded to requests for material in a manner which has been heartening. The future of the magazine is assured. It will in time become the most interesting, inspired, and cogent organ of the industry.

Where the Stars Buy Their Fords



FLYING has taught me to look for smooth, efficient performance . . . that's why I drive a FORD V8. . . . for the same reason I bought my car from Henry S. Perren, Ford Dealer.

Ruth Elder

Henry S. Perren
Ford

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Tom Kennedy Announces..

To my many friends in the motion picture industry I am happy to announce my association with Wilson Atkins as co-owner of Hollywood's popular BRASS RAIL CAFE.

I will be happy to see all my old friends and take this opportunity to let you know that we serve only the finest foods and beverages the market affords.

TOM KENNEDY.

We are established at
"Henry's" old location at
6321 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD
Just west of Vine

KNOWN FROM MOVIELAND TO LONDON'S STRAND
HOLLYWOOD BRASS RAIL CAFE

("Sword Play In The Movies," Page 7)

Drawing by DAVID S. HALL

Coup de Grace

Of Benefit to the Industry . . .

By Ida M. Tarbell

America's greatest woman publicist, Ida M. Tarbell, who has served on important government commissions and has written twenty-odd histories and books on industrial relationship, at the request of the editors has considered the problem of the screen writer.

IF I understand the problem which confronts the American screen writer it is that he has little or nothing to say about the production of the thing he creates. His plight is not new, indeed it is an old story with those whose brains are fertile, who have the imagination with which to fire their ideas and the capacity for labor necessary to mould them into form.

No one will dispute that the screening of a story requires executive ability—to organize, to finance, to produce. But the writer points out that this trio of essential agencies would not exist were it not for his ideas, imagination and labor. Yet they arrogate importance and assume a knowledge of the story greater than its creator. Being in control of finances, this trio can distort and destroy at will the thing that brought them into being while the writer must stand helplessly by.

Of this, through the years, another type of creator has complained and by his long struggle he, the inventor, has succeeded in legally protecting the thing he creates. Industry has learned it must not tamper with inventions, that they must be used according to their intrinsic value, according to the laws on which they are based. The screen producer has apparently no sense that if the real value of what he controls is to be extracted it must be developed according to the meaning put into it by the creator.

The movies today as a rule—there are exceptions—are screaming examples of what happens when ideas are sacrificed to secure sensations, something the producer is diabolically clever in accomplishing. What he demands is a bag of tricks. The result is that by and large what we get on the screen has little or no integrity—validity. It is nothing ever seen on sea or land.

One of my crying complaints against the screen, one which frequently keeps me from seeing pictures, is that they have so little relation to life, particularly American life—this brave, struggling, pioneer business that we are engaged in.

What I get from the gorgeous pageants that are put on to dazzle my eyes and inflame my senses, is scenery—not a play—and the play on the screen as on the stage is the thing. A play does not depend on high lights, costuming, breath taking tricks. It depends upon the integrity of the action and dialogue, the honesty of the emotions, the reality of the people.

The screen writer feels, if I understand him, that his ideas are accepted according to the ease with which they can be turned into something that was never in his mind, the ease with which tragedy can be turned into sentimentalism, comedy into horseplay. Stories are robbed of their logic, made unrecognizable when the producer and the technician get through with them.

The truth of this claim is all too apparent. Of the many great writers who have gone to Hollywood, how few have succeeded in coming through to the screen! Somewhere in the process the silk purse has been turned into a sow's ear. And for this the producer must be held to account. In other great industries such failure, such waste of valuable material, would cost responsible executives their heads.

What seems to be needed is an understanding, an agreement between writer and producer defining for each his field of endeavor. There should be a point specified beyond which the buyer could not go. He should not have freedom to destroy, he should not have freedom to rewrite without the co-operation of the creator.

How can we get such a contract? It looks to me as if it comes down to how much the individual screen writer really cares to preserve the integrity of his work, how much he will sacrifice to prevent what he has said being turned into something that he does not believe, something which he detests. Whether he is going to continue to see himself on the screen as the creator of that which is untrue, preposterous, when he has tried to do what was truthful, frank, unaffected, something out of himself. It rather looks to me as if the case of the screen writer was up to him, just as the case of any artist is up to himself.

His aim should be to get a contract which will give him a fair chance to preserve the integrity of what he has done.

This would be of benefit to the entire industry. The producers and executives of the screen do an amazing job and the point is to use what they have developed in the way of physical wonder in productions which will have reality, honest sentiment, intelligent action. The worst mischief about the present movie is that it so often affronts taste, poisons honest emotions.

Now and Tomorrow

by

RALPH BLOCK

President of the Screen Writers' Guild

Nineteen thirty-four has been a year of development and achievement for both Screen Guilds. They now occupy a solid and powerful positon in the motion picture industry.

The outlook is heartening.

The Writers' Guild, in strengthening its internal structure and consolidating its position, has built up an organization which will serve its members today, tomorrow and for a long time to come.

During this drive toward fundamental objectives the officers, the directors and the committee members have not for a moment forgotten those purposes for which the Guild was formed—a minimum standard contract for writers and fair processes for arbitration. Without the efforts of the Guild the federal Writer-Producer committee on trade practices under the Motion Picture Code would never have been created, appointments would never have been made.

That committee, composed on the writers side entirely of Guild members, is approaching, at last, the end of its labors, and it is to be hoped that the year Nineteen Thirty-five will bring a permanent agreement between producers and writers——one which is fair to both sides and under which writers and producers may go forward together in the business of building a better industry.

Incident In Budapest . . .

By Oliver Garrett

THE Hungarian girl, who had to do all my talking for me, raised Hell at the front desk with the dignified looking clerk in morning clothes.

"What kind of a hotel do you call this?" she demanded, so all the lobby could hear. "Letting another guest run off with this gentleman's beautiful, brand-new, black shoes. They cost him three English pounds in London—eighty pengos, at least!"

It was all a jumble of Magyar to me, but that's how she translated it when she stopped for breath. And from the clerk's hurt expression I imagine she got as close to that as you can in Hungarian, which isn't very close.

While he still looked a little bewildered, she told him I was leaving Budapest in twenty-four hours. Unless they could get my shoes back in time, they'd have to take eighty pengos off my bill; maybe more. She wasn't sure of the exact amount. She'd have to consult me first.

When she told me what she'd been jabbering about, I wished to Heaven I'd never mentioned the damn shoes. To begin with, I couldn't possibly remember what I'd paid for them. In the second place it was a frightful lie about their being new; it had been four years since I'd been in London. To make it worse, the clerk knew as well as I did that eighty pengos for three English pounds was stretching it a good deal, even at the special rate of exchange for foreign travellers. To top it, she was talking to the same clerk whom I had told the night before that I'd stay another week at least.

He turned his back on her, did his answering to me.

"It is very unfortunate," he said in painfully enunciated English. "I am very sad. The porter who cleans your shoes make a mistake. He give your shoes to a German gentleman, across the hall. He was in a great hurry packing his bags and he did not notice they were not his shoes. And already he has gone, to Berlin."

"It's unfortunate all right," I said, trying to relieve the strain a little and at the same time lose no advantage. "The German gentleman has very big feet and his shoes are worn through the soles."

The clerk didn't smile. He only looked reproachful.

"He will return your shoes," he said. "We will write to him. We have his address. If he does not return them before you leave, of course, we will make an adjustment."

I avoided the Hungarian girl's eyes as I answered.

"All right. But they'll have to be here by Monday, because I'll be leaving then."

Just outside the swinging doors to the street she stopped, facing me.

"Why'd you say you're not going until Monday?" she asked.

"Because he knew it anyway. I told him that last night."

"Well," she said, "you certainly made a liar out of me."

I tried to kiss her, right there on the sidewalk. That shut her up. She was always scared to death someone might catch us at it.

Later, up the Danube—the Duna, they call it—with her, looking very pretty in the stern seat, steering, and me, stripped to the waist, trying to handle two spoon-like oars and a sliding seat, without dumping us both overboard, she started in again. I'd been foolishly weak with the clerk. If I didn't get tough, I needn't expect to get my shoes back or any amount taken off my bill. At least twice a day I should ask at the desk about them. In the end, the hotel would be tickled to pay eighty pengos. Then I could buy a new pair, better even than the ones I had before. But, of course, it was none of her business. I could do as I liked. It was only that she'd liked the shoes, and besides she hated to have me, a stranger, come to Budapest for the first time and be robbed. But, naturally, if I didn't care; if I had so much money it didn't matter . . . .

I managed to put an end to that. I missed the water altogether with one oar and caught a crab with the other. She shrieked. I was pretty scared too. The Duna's goddamned cold, and at that point, above Budapest, races along at nearly ten kilometers an hour. The Hungarian girl couldn't swim a stroke. It would have been very unpleasant for me, a stranger, to come to Budapest for the first time and be drowned in the Duna. We didn't talk any more about the shoes.

On the Saturday night, preceding the Monday I'd threatened to go, the first news reached Budapest of fresh trouble in Germany. As the Magyar gentleman, who'd once been a Chicago contractor, relayed the news from a reporter friend on Az Est, a revolution had broken out against Hitler. It sounded very cheering. And, as a result, our long motor ride up the Duna that night to Esztergom was really gay. Even without wine, the feeling that the world was stirring made all six of us in the car a little drunk so that we only laughed when we pretty nearly smashed into a peasant cart loaded with firewood.

The feeling lasted until two o'clock in the morning. I got back to the hotel to find the night porter alone in the lobby. He was bent over the desk under the single light reading the morning editions. His soft womanly eyes were staring at the headlines, strangely large and black for the little Magyar paper. His fiercely up-twisted moustache moved as he read to himself. He pointed to the headlines. In all that confusion of strange words I could distinguish only one that was even vaguely familiar: "Roehm."

"Sixty of them!" he said. "Hitler's killed sixty and says he'll kill all of them who were in it. Even his own friend, Roehm, he shot down."

He shook his head sadly.

"Too bad. Just drags them out and shoots them. Not even a court martial. His own friends. Too bad."

"But how about the rest of the revolution?" I asked feeling a little sick. "Aren't they getting anywhere with it?"

He smiled pityingly.

"Revolution! No revolution. Hitler makes the revolution. He shoots all, everybody. before they even start to make revolution. He comes with soldiers, arrests, shoots. It's all over, done like that. Pouf! Sixty of them, gone. Probably more."

"Good night," I said and turned away, even the wine dying inside me.

He straightened, very stiff, flashed his pleased professional smile.

"*Jo este kivano,*" he said, because, although that's not the correct way of saying good night in Magyar, that's the only way I knew how to say it and he was being polite.

On Monday morning, the floor porter appeared with my black shoes. I was still half-asleep and only gaped at the shoes amazed. He explained they'd arrived with the morning mail from Berlin.

"I certainly never expected to see them again," I said.

"Oh, yes," he said rebukingly, and his obsequiousness held just a trace of insolence. "I know all the time you get them back. The German gentleman was a very fine gentleman. Inspector General I think they called him."

I was surprised.

(*Continued on page* 31)

An Award That *Means* Something . . .

WHO, of all those concerned in its production, is best qualified to consider and select the best picture of the year? Obviously, it is the person who put more into the finished product than anybody else; *the one person without whose contribution not a single other element could function!*

I mean the WRITER.

The writer is the most important factor in a motion picture, even if, unbelievably, he has less than the others to say about what happens to it. He is the corner-stone of the temple; the keystone of the arch; the lubricant without which no part of the machine can operate for a single minute—he is the primary, basic, the one and only *indispensable,* contributor to the finished product. Let us glance at this thesis and see if it will stand up.

The producer is important, of course; it takes money to run a studio.

The supervisor has uses, believe it or not: he is the buffer between the harassed human money-bag and the articulate and infuriating bundles of temperament he must necessarily employ.

The director's value is not to be withheld or disparaged: he is the jockey holding the reins. And while the jockey is no proof of the horse's speed, he is, incontrovertibly, the guiding and controlling force without which the thoroughbred probably would run amuck.

The star, too, is immensely vital: this one says lines in such a way that your heart is a fountain filled with tears: another one speaks them so that you whimsically reflect that you need only add eggs to him to have a popular breakfast dish.

The art director and the camera man and the sound technician, singly and collectively, contribute quotas that improve or impair the two-dimensioned silhouettes parading across the screen.

We're Dressing

But try to imagine any *one* of of these in operation until and before the writer has handed in some words written on a piece of paper! Producer, director, star, what is their vespertine and matutinal prayer? Is it: "Dear God, place in mine hands a good story!" Did you

By
Sidney Sutherland

ever hear of a writer pacing the floor all night and beseeching a benign Providence to vouchsafe his tale a certain producer or director or star!

A long, long time ago a writer challenged the ego of the ages with this: "the play's the thing!" Since that day, who has played Hamlet? Who has produced it? Who has directed it? Who has built the settings for it? For three centuries the names of these have been engraved in water, and henceforth forever their successors will be writ in wind. But for three centuries, and through the aeons to come, the man who *wrote* it has been and will be a green and poignant memory and a solace and a goal.

Consequently, if this thesis *is* correct, and to bring the preamble swiftly home to the industry in which we make our living, who is best qualified to scan the year's output of motion pictures and decide upon the best one? Those whose activities are contingent upon one person; or that one person whose activities are contingent upon nothing save what the Creator placed within him—the writer?

There have been Academy awards; trade paper selections: outside editorial accolades: critics' classifications; and cross-sections of audience consensus—but never, until now, have the men and women who write the stories portrayed on the screen uttered their verdict as to the year's best pictures.

WRITERS' CHRISTMAS PARTY

A Christmas Dinner-Dance with two orchestras, some swell floor acts, a several course dinner, wine—and plenty of what it takes for Good Cheer, will be given at:

The Trocadero
Thursday, December 20, 1930
from 8 p. m. on and up

The fee is practically nothing—only $5.15 per person and we're dressing. Write your check right now and send it to the Screen Writers' Guild, 1655 North Cherokee Avenue, Hollywood.

Talk it up. The Screen Writers' Guild's first Annual Dinner-Dance. It's going to be a real party.

Committee:
Allen Rivkin,
William Conselman,
John Grey.

P. S. Get your gang together and "club" a table for four, six, eight, ten or whatever you want. And get your checks in early.

At midnight on Thursday, December 20, next, the Screen Writers' Guild will select the five best written pictures of the year. And, brethren, this laurel *means* something!

Floor Show

There are 750 members of the Guild — and they're all voting. There will be no personal bias; no corporate influence; no payroll - phobia; no ulterior purpose; no alien animus; no sychophantic yearnings in these five choices: it will be, *for the first time,* an expert and honest award based on one thing only—merit!

The announcement of the five best pictures will be made at the first annual dinner dance given by the Guild.

The dinner dance will be held at the Trocadero Cafe.

It is formal.

The price of a ticket is $5.15.

There will be two grand orchestras and a floor show; and there will be prepared an impromptu entertainment such as only writers and their guests are capable of creating. The profits, if any, are going into the Guild treasury—or war chest.

The Award Committee is practically an ALL-American writing team—eleven of the best and most experienced writers in Hollywood; their sole function is to count the ballots and catalog the results; and they are known to their fellows as, Waldemar Young, chair man; Charles Kenyon, Harvey Thew, John Emerson, Edwin Burke, Sonya Levien, Jo Swerling, Francis Faragoh, William Slavens McNutt, Nunnally Johnson and Tristram Tupper—veterans all: authors of enormous successes; and writers who resisted Prohibition for thirteen years, by conviction, by precept, and by a personal example which proved beyond all question that alcohol isn't bad for the human system.

Mary McCarthy is chairwoman (note to printer: don't omit the "i" in that title!) of the committee in charge of

(*Continued on page* 19)

Keep It Clean . . .

An Elizabethan Anachronism

By Frank Tuttle

The scene is the London office of Mr. Richard Somerset in the year 1605. *When the curtain rises Mr. Somerset, a well-dressed Elizabethan gentleman, is pacing up and down dictating to Mistress Drake, his secretary.*

SOMERSET:

Your obedient servant Richard Somerset. Got that?

MISTRESS DRAKE:

Yes, Mr. Somerset.

SOMERSET:

Okay. Take a letter to the Earl of Leicester, Chairman National Purity League, Kenilworth Castle. Dear Jack, In reference to our recent conference concerning the cleaning up of our pictures planned for fall release, I am happy to report that all Super-Stratford scripts now conform to the Purity Code with the exception of those which—

During the last speech a rat scurries across the back of the room and disappears into a rat-hole. Mistress Drake sees it and springs to her chair, screaming, and lifting her skirts to her knees.

MISTRESS DRAKE:

Oh! Oh!

SOMERSET:

What is it?

MISTRESS DRAKE:

Right there! A rat! Ooh! Kill it!

SOMERSET:

(Springing up.)

How now! A rat? Dead for a ducat, dead!

He seizes snuff box and dashes its contents into the rat-hole kneeling to do so and sneaking a look at Mistress Drake's legs.

SECRETARY:

What's in that box?

SOMERSET:

Rat poison.

SECRETARY:

Poison? Why don't you plug up the holes?

SOMERSET:

M'm. I enjoy the chase—the view hallo!

SECRETARY:

View Hallo? (noticing her skirts and lowering them) View good-bye!

SOMERSET:

Mistress Drake. I assure you—

SECRETARY:

Listen. Either you plug up those holes or you can get another secretary.

SOMERSET:

But *where?* That is, a girl with your-er-understanding.

SECRETARY:

No cracks. Plug 'em up?

SOMERSET:

Immediately.

SECRETARY:

(Resuming her chair.) That's better. And say, what was that line of stale dialogue you just gave out?

SOMERSET:

Dialogue?

SECRETARY:

Yes—that "Dead for a ducat" business.

SOMERSET:

Oh, that? (replacing poison on desk) Why that's from the latest Shakespeare script.

SECRETARY:

I thought so. You know Mr. Shakespeare's outside—or didn't I tell you?

SOMERSET:

No, you didn't. Ask him to come in.

SECRETARY:

(She rises) Yes sir.

SOMERSET:

Oh! Where's that Hamlet treatment?

SECRETARY:

Right there on the desk. Under those Beaumont and Fletcher gags.

SOMERSET:

Oh, yes. Here it is. And find F. B., will you? Tell him to come right down.

SECRETARY:

Yes, sir.

She goes out. William Shakespeare enters and stands a moment as Somerset mumbles over the Hamlet script.

SOMERSET:

Oh, hello, Bill. Sit down.

SHAKESPEARE:

(He sits) Thank you, sir.

SOMERSET:

Pipe?

SHAKESPEARE:

N-no. No thank you.

SOMERSET:

Look, Bill. It's about this Hamlet script.

SHAKESPEARE:

Yes, sir.

SOMERSET:

We gotta switch it around.

SHAKESPEARE:

A—again?

SOMERSET:

Yeah. This Purity clean up.

SHAKESPEARE:

Oh. It's serious, then?

SOMERSET:

Serious? Say! Know what happened to Othello in the south?

SHAKESPEARE:

Er—no.

SOMERSET:

Started to cancel it entirely.

SHAKESPEARE:

Really?

SOMERSET:

Sure. Said it would start a series of race riots.

SHAKESPEARE:

You don't mean it.

SOMERSET:

You betcha. That is, till I fixed it.

SHAKESPEARE:

Oh. You fixed it.

SOMERSET:

And *how!* Shot the retakes in one night. Burbage was still in town. The new stuff's terrific! We show Othello blacking up. He's a Florentine gangster. Venice police are after him. Wait'll you see it.

SHAKESPEARE:

I'd like to.

SOMERSET:

You'll love it. It's really better this way. Worked *perfect!*

SHAKESPEARE:

But Othello couldn't—!

SOMERSET:

(Interrupting) Oh, no? *Read these!*

SHAKESPEARE:

Er—what—are they?

SOMERSET:

Exhibitor's reports. From the south.

SHAKESPEARE:

(Reading) Oh. "New Othello sensational here. Give us more like this. Suggest use Burbage again in blackface—but with two or three hot mammy numbers. Guarantee would wow them in this territory. Rosencranz."

SOMERSET:

See? They're all like that. Now, about Hamlet?

SHAKESPEARE:

Oh—oh, yes.

SOMERSET:

I made some notes. Got a script? (hands him script) Here. Now let's see. Right here. Scene A-24. Ghost's speech. Got it?

SHAKESPEARE:

(Chirping up a bit and reciting.) Yes. Ghost. "I could a tale unfold whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood—"

SOMERSET:

M-m—now right after that. Listen. "That incestuous, that adulterate beast." (to Shakespeare) Nice talk! "Won to his shameful lust the will of my most seeming — virtuous queen." Gotta cut *all* of that!

SHAKESPEARE:

What?

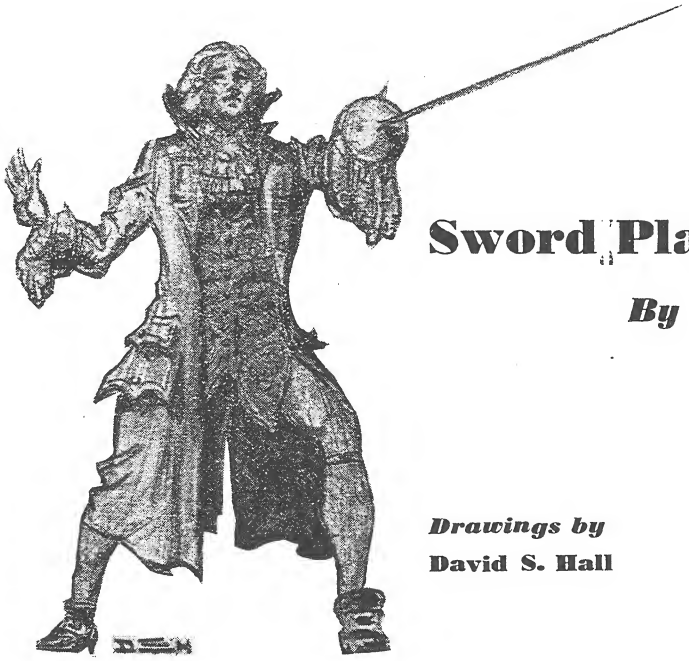
SOMERSET:

Well, what d'ye think? Haven't you read the Code?

SHAKESPEARE:

Yes—but the entire story depends on—

(*Continued on page* 24)



Sword Play in the Movies

***By* Fred Cavens**

Drawings by
David S. Hall

AT A TIME when the ever revolving cycle of motion picture entertainment brings a return of the glamorously romantic period stories, with costumes and courtly manners, it seems appropriate to consider their compliment; namely, the duel—the handling of the sword.

The times in which men rivaled women in wearing apparel with brocaded silks, velours, plumed hats, jewels and laces, are not only difficult to portray but are apt to leave an audience impressed with the effeminacy of the men of past centuries. However, this impression may be reversed by injecting at least one good sword-fight into the screen play.

A combat, requiring skill and courage, becomes the redeeming feature of laces and graces, and thus the spectacle offering a surprising contrast of ultra elegant etiquette with manly behaviour, becomes at once charming and exciting. So, let us proceed with our subject—the science of fencing in the movies.

To become a fencer one must learn all there is of footwork necessary to the various means of offense and defense with the sword—advances, retreats, lunges. These are many and varied. Speaking only of the foil and epee, the pupil must learn all the thrusts, the simple and direct ones, the composed ones, the stop thrusts, the time thrusts . . . He must also learn the parries therefor, and this becomes a complicated task as there is a minimum of two parries for each hit. Further, all these thrusts and parries should be executed as closely, or rather narrowly, as possible.

On sensing an opening, the fencer must be able to extend his arm, aim and lunge all in one lightning-like movement —so fast that the audience is unable to follow with the eyes, the movements of the fencers.

Masters of the art move only when necessary, no useless feints, no displacements, except for a purpose. They are always on the alert, as the element of surprise is the one most relied upon by both combatants.

So much for real fencing.

To prepare for a duel, or sword-fight in the movies, one should learn all that is mentioned above. But a vast difference lies in the execution.

For the screen, when an opening is presented, in order to be well photographed and also grasped by the audience, the thrust intended should be "telegraphed" with emphasis so that both audience and opponent will see what is coming. The opponent should even "telegraph" his parries and counter thrusts, and so on, throughout the fight.

All movements, instead of being as small as possible should be correct yet rather large. Magnified, would express it perfectly.

The routine (for it must be a routine, and so well learned that the actor executes it subconsciously) should contain the most spectacular attacks and parries that it is possible to execute, and yet they should remain logical to the situation. That is where the master of the art becomes indispensable—to find a succession of thrusts, parries, counter thrusts, lunges, etc., all spectacular but in logical sequence, with stops that should intensify the drama and not let it drag, with "corps a corps" (clinches) that seem to come naturally—as though to save oneself from sure death. In other words, to make it a fight, and not a fencing exhibition; to disregard, at times, the classic correctness of guards and lunges and yet maintain such co-ordination, such attitudes of natural fighting instinct, that the whole performance leaves an impression of skill and strength and manly grace.

Such results are obtained by hard work and the willingness of the actor to co-operate with the instructor. The director should listen to expert advice and suggestions, and the master should have a knowledge of fencing coupled with a sense of the dramatic.

As to the fencing masters, they received a certificate of merit from the Amateur Fencers League of America immediately after the Olympic games of 1932 which, upon presentation, will be a guarantee of ability and knowledge at least in *modern* fencing.

As to the swordsmanship of the past—in the October issue of *The Screen Guilds' Magazine,* appeared an interview which stated, in effect: "d'Artagnan could have been killed at will by even a mediocre fencer of today . . . In the days of the Three Musketeers swashbuckling lacked science . . . ."

There is no doubt that the science of fencing has improved; but it should be remembered that fencing and sword fighting are not identical. The invention of the mask and extremely light foil brought about a type of fencing highly scientific as well as complicated—a marvelous sport—"the chess of sports."

(*Continued on page* 30)

Concerning Critics and Criticism . . . A Broadside

By **John Howard Lawson**
Author, Playwright, former President
Screen Writers' Guild

CRITICISM is one of the most important factors in the development of an art. If the moving picture is to grow in aesthetic significance, its growth can be much stimulated by critics with mature standards, technical knowledge and a perspective on problems of writing, acting and production. The *writer* can be particularly benefited by intelligent analysis of his work.

Unfortunately, criticism of the sort I am describing is merely a pipe dream. At present, it is non-existent.

I have recently expressed myself rather violently on the parlous state of dramatic reviewing. I believe the present weakness of the legitimate stage in New York is largely due to the destructive antics of the gentlemen of the press. One naturally cannot expect the theatre to flourish when every New York production is at the mercy of nine men. A large investment of time, thought and money depends on the snap judgment of men who neither know nor care anything about the theatre. No one connected with the stage, as far as I am aware, has any respect for the dramatic critics; on the contrary, it is generally agreed that they are lazy, biased, conceited and incompetent. It is therefore humorous (and at the same time tragic) that Broadway continues to suffer meekly under the irresponsible dictatorship of reviewers whom it despises. The first move toward a healthy theatre is the removal of this dictatorship.

As far as the movies are concerned, criticism wields no such dangerous influence. Picture reviews are spread thinly over hundreds of daily, weekly and monthly publications. But the audience effect of these is comparatively slight. This is just as well—because the greater part of this critical writing is of a shockingly low order. The low-brows are inclined to gush and deal in personalities; the high-brows are inclined to be dreadfully high-hat about audience values. None of them seems to know enough about what makes a movie, to give reasonable praise or blame to the people who did the job.

Obviously one does not expect a newspaper or magazine article to speak in technical terms. But one emphatically *does* expect the journalist to give an accurate impression of the quality of production, and to differentiate between the work of writers, actors and directors.

As a matter of fact, the best current reviews are found in the trade papers. There are dark rumors that the attitude of the industry press is sometimes influenced by pressure or money. I have no idea about the truth of this; occasionally one sees an hysterical blurb which sounds like a paid advertisement. But the general level of criticism in the trade press is considerably higher than the callow stuff one reads elsewhere.

However, a deeper and wiser sort of criticism is needed.

This is not a purely theoretical question. It is important to the industry, and concerns all of us. It seems to me desirable to pay more attention to criticism—to keep tab on what is being written; to attack stupidity and malice; to insist on integrity and knowledge. It is conceivable that the moving picture might one day find itself in the same position as the theatre—helpless under the domination of a few high-handed ignorant journalists.

The motion picture is a serious art and needs serious analysis. It is to be hoped that students of the medium will begin to write about it in honest terms, analyzing technique and providing standards of value. The industry needs this—and it would be of particular value to the writer.

Drawing by Kenneth Barlow

Peace on Earth, Good Will, etc. . . .

In the Grand Manner . . .

By
Ruth Patricia Shellhorn

Illustrated by the Author

THE old adage: "If a little is good more will be better," has long been discarded by the cultivated world; but every year many motion picture producers burn thousands of dollars at its shrine. In this wanton idolatry truth is often sacrificed to affectation and sometimes to the merely ridiculous.

An audience, after seeing some stupendous production, steeped in grandeur and splendor and produced with all the magnitude of the colossal, comes away mystified and disappointed. The master of the shadow show, wishing to do everything in the "grand manner" and carried away by dreams and enthusiasms, has defeated his own desires by cluttering up his picture with masses of this and that—until the entire background swims in over-elaborated detail. What chance have actor and story against such odds as these? Confusion seizes the mind of the spectator and he walks sadly out of the theatre saying, "And they had such a wonderful opportunity to do something really excellent."

Too often, art directors design as they are told to and make fine jobs of it, but with results complete in themselves. Then along come the actors. With the introduction of new elements and accompanying action, lines in the sets are hidden and changed and other lines created. If these background lines are too complicated or too interesting there is immediately a conflict.

I am thinking of a recent picture in which the background was so overpowering that a very clever piece of acting was blurred and wasted. Would it not be better, in such cases, to simplify the sets? True, in life people move through complicated scenes, but we either do not know their stories and are not interested, or we subconsciously make the necessary adjustment in attention. This is not so with pictures. We are offering our attention to players who are depicting selected episodes from the lives of people imagined by a creative artist. Their stories are supposed to assume vast importance in our consciousness. Isn't it only fair to them to show them in the right perspective—to make it easy for us to be interested?

Human beings are the most complicated mechanisms with which we have to deal, because of their mobility. In drama we must, therefore, do everything possible to give this mobility a chance to tell the audience the story.

It is through contrast that we gain many of our finest dramatic effects. A statue, though inanimate, is brought out in full beauty against dark velvet hangings. Its lines would be distorted by a background of flowered chintz. An actor, through the one fact of his animation, is more difficult to handle than a statue. Is it any wonder that we lose his emotional significance in too complex a setting and are only conscious of a moving object?

With all our modern friendliness toward simplicity, this admirable quality has been able to slip past but few gates in the picture industry. And yet the most regal splendor can be indicated more successfully with simplicity of sets and interesting contrasts than with all the doubtful advantage of the flashy and the elaborate. A single gleaming string of pearls against a black velvet gown is more beautiful and impressive than all the jewels in Christendom displayed on a circus costume.

"Well", you say, "and what does this prove?" Just this: That simplicity is still a virtue and the legitimate child of intelligence and taste.

The Same Figure as Above . . . Against a Simple Background

Concerning Actors and Writers . . . A Depth Bomb

By Edwin Schallert

At the request of the Editors, Mr. Schallert, nationally known critic and Motion Picture Editor of the LOS ANGELES TIMES, talks confidentially to authors and players

THIS might be labeled a confidential communication from the critic to the actor and the writer. Especially the actor and the writer in Hollywood. It isn't really supposed to be read by anybody else; and all who do must, more or less, at their own peril.

What does the actor deserve credit for in pictures, if anything, or does he deserve all the credit? Does the writer contribute everything or nothing, or is he just a sort of typographical error in the studio output?

All this is from the viewpoint of the critic, of course. It is his daily perplexity. It is oftentimes his daily guess. He might even take a chance on saying that an actor is good, whether he actually knows that he is that through his own initiative, beneficial direction, or some other happy circumstance. He sometimes applies the rules of the stage, of acting as he has known it in the footlight medium.

In considering the author he draws, mayhap, on his knowledge of the writer's reputation. That knowledge may extend to the author's achievements in the literary field, or as a dramatist. At any rate, he has an impression of the author's work, preconceived, by which he estimates relatively what he seems to be doing in pictures . . . That is, if he mentions him at all—or if he can discern and differentiate between one author and the other five or six authors who may be given credit on the screen. The task generally becomes quite hopeless when this multiplicity of scrivening credits evidences itself.

It all becomes a sort of colossal detective drama, and often the reviewer merely contents himself with listing the "names" and letting it go at that. He reflects on the power of personality as displayed by the actor, makes generalizations about the story and the direction, and otherwise treads carefully, avoiding the hot coals of averring that "he did that," and "she did this," and "they did the other thing." It's all playing safe, but is it right?

The answer is that it is right, unless there happen to be extraordinary circumstances. These have a certain fine relationship to what is known as style . . .

Removing the issue momentarily from its direct application to writer and actor, one can, for instance, say that a picture directed by Cecil B. De Mille would not be confused, by any stretch of the imagination, with one produced by Josef von Sternberg, or Frank Capra. The Lubitsch touch in the comedy type of film is equally inescapable. It is less individual, or at least less understood as individual, in the serious production, like "The Broken Lullaby." There are many Lubitsch imitators but few Lubitsch equals in light fun. And all the men mentioned, for the most part, remain unaffected in the character of their work, no matter whom they may present on the screen, or who writes their stories. Hence it is a custom to single them out for the personality which shines through their pictures. And unquestionably that personality is exceptional.

Dramatic Art

By Lawrence E. Sterner

The art of "make-up" is the art of the master-painter. He knows there are no lines in nature—only surfaces, colors, lights and shades. With these he models the human visage on a flat canvas with outstanding vividness. By the same means the actor may obliterate his own features and paint in the countenance of the role he essays. Some actors and studio make-up artists have a set make-up for every type. This accounts for similarity and unnaturalness of characters seen on the screen. The master-actor searches the script for particular idiosyncrasies of the parts he is to play. His make-up partakes of life and its infinite variety.

The director ordinarily has more chance to display his individuality than any other person actually engaged in the making of the film, with the possible exception of the unsung cameraman. Sometimes a producer will overshadow the director, or even definitely affect his style. But these, too, are the exceptional producers like Irving Thalberg, Darryl Zanuck, and in certain unique pictures, like "King Kong," Merian C. Cooper. For a long time Thalberg was almost alone.

Instances where the actor can dominate in this same way are rare indeed. In the silent films such stars as Charles Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford set a style in their pictures, but they were simultaneously producers. They were practically the only stars to achieve such clear-cut freedom — they and Harold Lloyd. Yet, except for Chaplin—and to some extent Lloyd—none of them has maintained a similar prestige since talking pictures, and Chaplin is still a maker of silent films.

In talking pictures there is practically only one actor who so completely reigns over his destiny. George Arliss occupies that niche. Eddie Cantor has attained a very similar sort of freedom, but is more dependent on specially prepared material. Arliss has been able to draw very largely on his stage repertoire. Exception must be made of what is, perhaps, his finest picture to date, "The House of Rothschild," but factors of production entered to a large extent into that.

The dream of many actors is to be in the Arliss position; the hope of many others is to avoid that very sort of sovereignty. The power it affords is as nothing compared to the obligations. Yet, in a sense, the full expression of individuality can only be found in that way. It is the resuscitation of the old actor-manager idea, which was productive of some great days in the theatre. Perhaps these may be seen again.

What is said of the actor might also be applied to the writer. There is no reason why, especially, he cannot be moulded into a producing power. Clyde Fitch, who enjoyed some of the greatest success that the theatre has ever bestowed in this country, constantly directed his own plays. Many playwrights today watch from the sidelines when their work is presented in the theatre, and for that matter a number of them do this even in the studio.

However, neither actor nor writer has so far made the mark of style live glowingly in the pictures with which they have been connected, unless we except Arliss among the players, and some casual and occasional effort of the scenarioist.

The critic will descry in the films of Frank Capra the possibility that they owe considerable to his scenarioist, Robert Riskin. These two have proved themselves an efficient team in "Lady for a Day" and "It Happened One Night." Kubec Glasmon and John Bright offered a persistent and telling something in their work when they provided their striking gangster themes, and treatments. Samuel Hoffenstein and Donald Ogden Stewart lend a certain air distinctive to the dialogue with which they embellish pictures.

When silent pictures were produced Marshall Neilan and Frances Marion had the perfect formula for Mary Pickford. It was of their own contriving, not to be mistaken for the work of someone else. Rex Ingram and June Mathis

(*Continued on page* 32)

The Last Laugh!

By Robert Charles Rothafel

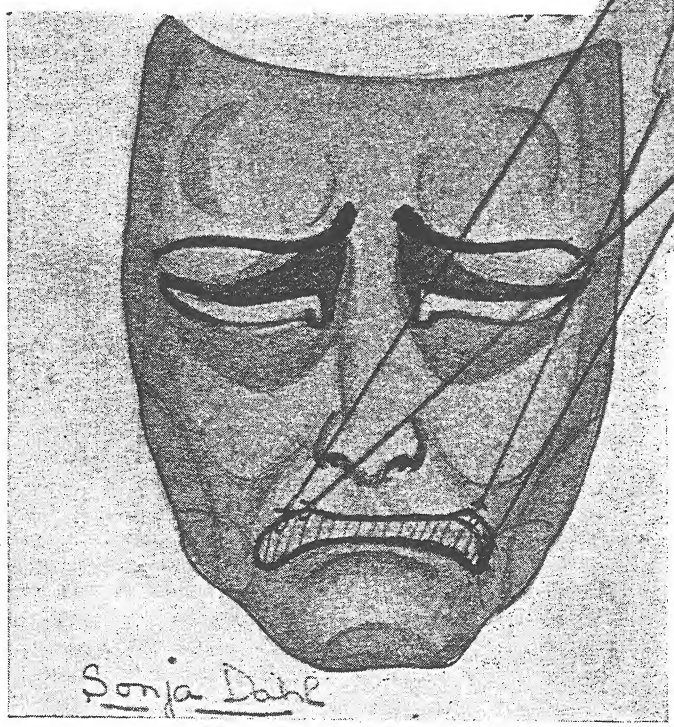
Illustrated by Sonja Dahl

"Hit 'em!
Quiet!
They're turning—
Speed!"
Kleig Lights—
Hooded Cameras—
Sound Mikes—
Technicians—
Sweating—
Grim Faced.
Action . . . .
"Laugh everybody,
We're payin'
Ya dough!
This
Damned scene
is funny.
Say,
You dames—
Second row—
This
Is supposed
To be
COMEDY—
Not Draaaama!"

"Cut it!
Cut!
Cut!
N. G.
For sound,"
Said
The bespectacled Mixer
From his
Sanctum Sanctorum,
"Not enough laughter,
Come on,
Let's try again . . . "
"Hit 'em!
Quiet Please,
They're turning—
Speed!"
Kleig Lights—
Hooded Cameras—
Sound Mikes—
Technicians,
Sweating—
Grim faced.

Sync,
Action . . . .
"Laugh!
Laugh!"

But again
There greeted
This strident
Voice,
Nothing
But
Weird Sounds—
Mirthless Cackling . . .
Unintelligible
Unintelligent.
"Laugh!
Laugh!
Hey you—
In the fourth row—
Can't you laugh
Any better
Than that?"
Two hundred hearts
Stood still . . .



"Cut it!
Cut!
Four hundred ears
Heard
The hysterical screams
Of a woman
Who revolted
For the last time.
"I'll laugh!—
I'll laugh!"
And
With a terrifying shriek
She dropped dead
At their feet—
From hunger,
Exposure
And . . . laughter.

N. G.
For Sound,"
Said
The bespectacled Mixer
From his
Sanctum Sanctorum,
"Ready—
Another take!"
"Close in, everybody—
Fill up
That empty gap . . . .
Okaaay.
Hit 'em!
Quiet!
They're turning—
Speed!"
Kleig Lights—
Hooded Cameras—
Sound Mikes—
Technicians,
Sweating—
Grim faced.

Sync,
Action . . . .
"Laugh everybody
For Christ's Sakes
Laugh!"

New York Grab Bag . . .

By Homer Croy

FORTY-EIGHT new plays (as I run these words through the typewriter) have been produced this season, and only two sold, far below last season. In other words, not so many plays are going west as usual. The two sales are *Small Miracle,* which fetched $37,500; and the other is *The Distaff Side,* which lured $35,000 out of Louis B. Mayer's pockets.

My opinion: *Small Miracle* will make a fine picture. *The Distaff Side* will not do nearly so well although it is a "woman" play. Check me later.

It's amazing to this pulse-feeler how many old plays have been bought for the Hollywood trade. By old I mean last season's offerings, or seasons long ago. Inspect this list:

Paramount: *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, Buried Alive, Death Takes a Holiday, Double Door, Murder at the Vanities, She Loves Me Not, Enter Madame, The Pursuit of Happiness, Sailor, Beware.*

MGM: *What Every Woman Knows, Biography, No More Ladies, Ah, Wilderness, Naughty Marietta, The Wind and the Rain, The Shining Hour, Lost Horizons, The Vortex.*

RKO: *Wednesday's Child, The Gay Divorcee, By Your Leave, Roberta, A Hat, A Coat, A Glove, Dangerous Corner, The Enchanted April.*

Universal chose: *The Good Fairy, Cheating Cheaters, Fanny.*

Fox: *Gambling,* with George M. himself.

United Artists and Twentieth Century: *The Red Cat,* but they owned it before spreading it on Broadway. (I think this'll make a right good picture. Has the sure-fire double role.) And *Lady Jane.*

Unproduced plays have been moving westward. Notable is *Mr. Grant.* (No relation to Cary, or Jack.)

Other buys trembling on the verge: *Merrily We Roll Along, The Farmer Takes a Wife.* Haven't seen *Merrily,* but have seen *The Farmer Takes a Wife* and it looks like picture material to me.

Next month I may report on the novels, biographies, and short stories which have been taken into Hollywood's deep bosom.

Other plays which are headed for Hollywood: *The Girl from Trieste, The Sex Fable.* And Twentieth Century is getting ready to produce *De Luxe.* Chester Erskine is the finger man, I understand.

Gossip, scandal, and so on: Richard Halliburton who wrote *The Royal Road to Romance* which Fox bought and pigeoned is going to Italy, where he is to cross the Alps, exactly the way Hannibal did——that is, on the back of an elephant. So far, no movie offers.

Charles Beahan is doing an original for Eddie Reliance Small.

New York reviews of *Father Goose* not very good. And there is the feeling that all has not been told. But for that matter who ever told all except Samuel Pepys? And he had to do it in secret cipher.

Richard Halliday, Paramount story hunter, developing into the greatest after-dinner speaker among film editors in town.

The magazines are paying better rates for stories than they have at any time in the last three years. It may mean that times are picking up, or that the magazines have dusted off and brought up everything they have in the barrel.

Paid for *The Enchanted April,* $20,000.

Private, very: One big literary agency is up to its neck in financial waters. Has some very prominent writers walking the floor. Sorry, but I can't tell. You know how honorable we reporters are.

Three men have taken Thomas B. Costain's place on *The Saturday Evening Post.* Explanation is that two of them are in New York and do not devote full time to filling the Costain seat.

Erle Stanley Gardner has a trailer which he fastens behind his car. This trailer carries along the biggest dictating machine of any writer in the world. Used to be a Ventura lawyer. In fact, still has his name on the door.

Dashiell Hammett is the slowest mystery writer in the business. Has been known to sit in front of a typewriter for thirty minutes, staring at same, trying to think up the exact word.

Gene Buck says that the radio companies are behind the lawsuit the Government has filed against the song writers and publishers. I am not surprised. Every business company in the world thinks a writer is a chicken dinner. The radio companies are now paying for material about what the picture companies did when *The Great Train Robbery* was bought. But I heard the other day that John Royal, big boss at N B C, said that the day was coming when they would have to hand out real money.

Gilbert Patten won his lawsuit from

(*Continued on page 27*)

London Lowdown . . .

By John Paddy Carstairs

LONDON weather remains as ever like a woman, one minute hot the next, cold . . . today the Californian Contingent cable collect for their coats, the next they don their black and white shoes to greet the sudden sunshine! . . . . this may account for La Velez being a flu victim . . . or is it nervous prostration after his display at the Berg-Mizler fight? No doubt the Hollywood Stadium misses her a lot . . . . Society Lovely—Penelope Dudley Ward arrived back from exteriors on the Continent with Elizabeth Bergner and Maywair-ites sigh happily again and Penelope's picture appears once more in the more exclusive magazines, my deah! . . . . "Crime without Passion" adored by Londoners and this gives us a chance to do a coupla raves for Garme's photography and one of Winchell's orchids for the Sound Engineer . . . . the Hollywoodisms such as "Yes SIR!" in "We Live Again" received their full quota of titters at the Pavilion . . . . The Savoy Grill is still Filmdom's favourite food spot late of nights . . . . Ida Lupino on holiday here which dims the limelight on Poppa Stanley, tush! . . . . Thornton Freeland is STILL on the Jack Buchanan flicker . . . "One Night of Love" is still pack-jamming Paramount's Carlton . . . movie moguls now favour the new Mount Royal apartments at Marble Arch for their parties . . . . there are yet no script writers in this town and even if there were they wouldn't be given any time to prepare their screen plays! . . . once again a small time Hollywood scribbler has been found wanting (after a long period of salary snatching here) and is en route home . . . but it only closes the doors tighter for bona-fide writers . . . Gaumont British may invade the Hollywood field, they say . . . Tim Whelan, ex-Radio-Wheeler-Woolsey scripter) is megging very successfully for them . . . Monty (Custard Pie) Banks has turned into another "hit" Meg-Wielder . . . . Adrienne Ames, Bruce Cabot, Nils Asther, Paul Stein, Bob Milton, Binnie Barnes, Joe Rock, Harold M. Young, Paul Weatherwax, Ned Mann and Lloyd Knetchel are others from that sunkiss'd Land who are helping contribute to Elstree product . . . Merle Obreon, Robert Donat and Leslie Howard will be with you again soon . . . I hear that Margot Grahme is now in Hollywood . . . so I guess that helps even things up . . . and there are just as many Mae West stories here, too!!!

When A Negro Sings A Song . . .

***By* Clarence Muse**

THE other night, after singing a Negro song at a gathering of screen artists, I was asked to contribute an article to the Screen Guilds' Magazine, telling how I arrive at my original interpretations of standard songs. I thought it was a simple thing to explain. But the more I think of it the more complex the explanation becomes.

Let me try to explain it this way. Some years ago I was invited to give an address to a group of artists and writers at the California Art Club on "The Dilemma of the Negro Actor." In answering this question, I told the story of how my songs are interpreted. I said, "The Negro Actor as a group is still a novelty to the American theatre." True, he is recognized and accepted as a clever entertainer, but he has no definite place in the theatre. I mean that he has not been received by theatre audiences in this country as a definite dramatic force."

There are two audiences to confront in America—the black and the white. The white audiences definitely desire buffoonery, songs and dances from the black man, while the Negro audience wants to see and hear the real elements of Negro life exemplified. Of course, the actor is perplexed. The song has become to the serious thinking Negro actor a means to take care of these complexes. In one tune he can satisfy all of his hunger to paint his race dramatically, covering at times the complete gamut of emotions.

This may seem to give an undue importance to the popular Negro song. But friends, believe me, I am sincere. You will recognize in all Negro dramatic efforts, to date, that the two stops, joy and sorrow, are the dominant theme—that these emotions are always painted through the medium of dialect. Not so in song. Take "Old Man River." Here is a complete drama of Negro life. In fact, that is how I approach the number when I sing it. The first section up to the line, "Pull that rope until you're dead," is the first act. Then the section that finishes, "That's the old river I love to cross," is the second act. The third, a great climax finds itself in the chorus. "Old Man River, he just keeps rolling along," with as great an emotional denouement as the climax in Hamlet. This song releases that hidden desire to dramatize truthfully the Negro and at the same time to entertain the listeners who are probably not ready to receive Negro drama in the conventional form.

I always like to sing a spiritual or two on my programs, because they are the finest Negro contributions to American folklore. In the spiritual I live all the emotions of slavery, the heartaches of life, the yearning for African festivals and dances, the counsel of the African priest and doctor, the wise men of the many tribes, the tribal animosities, the joys of conquering heroes—in short, the history of the African race. It is my hope that the centuries of artistic development of the African will not be completely fused with American environment.

Those of you who have heard Ethel Waters sing a song like "Stormy Weather" must recognize that this great artist does not sing merely a tune of good notes, of perfect rhythm, but a masterful dramatic picture containing all the sufferings of Stormy Weather and of Romance. You feel her intense love for her man, you suffer with her in the gloom of the bad weather and, within you, you live the same experiences. To me this is drama, the smothered desire to portray life. Miss Waters only recently complained that it is hard to get songs which will give her an opportunity to enact life in song. Every melody in the hands of artists of her ability becomes a complete drama.

This matter of selecting certain songs seems to follow through. For example, they won't ever let me leave the stage until I sing "When It's Sleepy Time Down South." And if this is my chance for a true confession, I will admit it satisfies in dramatic form my love for the poetic charm of the South. The simplicity of its life, the modern suffering, the romance and the hope of a race is all retained there. And with that song ended, the life of the average Southern family has been told in a peaceful, restful way. Then I feel that the great American drama has been completed, each and every American is humming in unison the song of friendship. That is what happens to me when I sing songs.

Rhapsody

***By* ANNE HALL**

Six-thirty. Alarm clock. Cold, gray fog. Still not rested from the toil of yesterday—but must prepare for the toil of today.

Street cars full. Every street packed with a seething mass of cars whose drivers seem inexplicably anxious to get to their studio-factories. Sun shining. Time to be made up.

Dressing rooms:

"I told 'im I was just the type for that part, and who do ya think they got? Gloria Crawford. Why you know she hasn't the guts that part needs. How does she expect people to believe her when she is telling her husband that she and Jack—"

"Sure, you'd 'ave been better; but you got the maid's part and, after all, she's the one who spills the beans, ain't she?"

* * *

Lights. Awful lights. They never stop pelting torrid heat on you. More powder. Make-up sticky again. Patch it up, no time to change it.

"Camera!"

"Cut."

"Cut."

"Make it a little quicker. Now, take it again."

"Take number nine. Turn um over."

"Cut. What's the matter with everyone? Remember you're supposed to be having a good time at this party. Come on, smile. Now. Take it again."

More heat. Been in it over two hours. Can't stand it any longer.

"Ready for the next scene, everybody."

Dismissed for lunch. Only an hour. Too tired to eat. Lunch room full anyway. Hot. Rest a little? Can't: muss the costume. Hour nearly gone. Grab a sandwich. On the set. Star not back from lunch yet. Have to wait.

"Places, everybody, Want to light it."

More heat. Another hour. Star not back yet. Lunching with her latest. Pretty new dress. Ought to get him with that. This will be her fourth. Wonder what Mary thinks.

"Lines everybody? O. K. Places. Quiet this is a take."

Seven o'clock. Dead to the world. Going to a party. Can't make it. John'll be disappointed. Maybe a drink will do it. Better. Hope the party isn't too dull. May need another. Just one,—so tired.

* * *

Noisy crowd. All had too much. Shouldn't have come.

"Have another?"

"Oh, sure."

Why not. Everyone else is. Twelve o'clock. Ought to be in bed.

"Just a little one. Tired? Oh no."

Long way home. Can't see to drive. Too tired and a little muzzy. Hard day. Too hard. But five dollars is five dollars.

H. G. Wells Presents H. G. Wells . . .

By Henry James Forman

THE frankest book of modern times—that is the autobiography of H. G. Wells. If we think the "Confessions" of Rousseau revealing, the "Experiment in Autobiography" by Wells is a very phenomenon of revelation.

"Before I was eighteen," he writes, "the broad lines of my adult ideas about human life had appeared, however crudely. I was following a road along which at variable paces a large section of the intelligentsia of my generation was moving, in England, towards religious scepticism, socialism and sexual rationalism. I had no idea of that general drift about me. I seemed to be thinking for myself independently, but now I realize that multitudes of minds were moving in precisely the same direction. Like forces acting upon like organizations give like results."

And for nearly forty years, coincident with the technological age, it has been the same. The world has been moving in a certain direction, but it was Wells, primarily, who gave the movement crystallization, voice and articulation. To read his extraordinary autobiography is to read how we "got that way," how we came to think as we do today, to struggle for the things we do, to feel the uneasiness we do and to live as we do.

Every age in the Anglo-Saxon world had its Dickens. Wells is the Dickens of the technological age, the age we live in. The picture of an age generally comes late in its career. So the picture drawn by Wells gives a luminous insight into an age just closing, with new horizons appearing vague and fragmentary beyond broken clouds. In truth, our very consciousness of the closing age is due in no small part to the life and writings of Wells. From the first he had possessed an uncanny affinity for publicity.

Upon one occasion I recall asking him how it came about that from the publication of his earliest book, a pseudo-scientific romance, "The Time Machine," everything he has published, every book, or even article, he has uttered, has attracted national, international and frequently world-wide attention. Quite solemnly he told me, he did not know. He very candidly admitted that it was so, that the fact has been of marvelous value to him, but he could not account for it.

In reading his autobiography one can come more and more nearly to accounting for it. When a man expresses an age, frames in words its troubles, its dissatisfactions, its malaise and its aspirations, he is bound to be heard because he is speaking for ourselves; he is, in effect, ourselves speaking.

Every day in every newspaper there is some item or some word about plans and planning, about planned economy, and the like. It was Wells and his writings who had no small share in making the world what might be described as plan-conscious. His "A Modern Utopia," written nearly thirty years ago, started the ball rolling for new Utopias. Utopianism never dies out among mankind. Wells is the current Utopian. He cannot rest because the world is in disorder. His fervor is apostolic, not only for a happier and more Utopian life in view of the development of resources and technology, but for a greater order throughout a needlessly chaotic world—a world polity, in short, the world state.

I began by speaking of Wells's frankness. With the most engaging frankness he tells of his early days as the son of a small, a very small, tradesman and cricket player, of how the family life was broken up and his mother became a housekeeper in the country house of two old maids; of his own peregrinations as an apprentice boy in various small town drapers' shops and his subsequent winning of a scholarship in the scientific school at South Kensington. Then with the same frankness, he touches upon his love affairs. He was already married to his cousin when he met, among his science students, the lady who became his second wife and the mother of his children.

(*Continued on page* 23)

Rabelais Comes to Hollywood . . .

By H. O. Stechan

IN THE spirit of the great French satirist, Rabelais, Gene Fowler has given Hollywood an interpretive "twice over," in his roguishly anecdotal portrait of Mack Sennett, entitled "Father Goose." Elizabethan in frankness, it is merrily ribald and playfully unoffending, as only the author of "Shoe the Wild Mare," "Timberline," "The Great Mouthpiece" and other notable recent literary successes, knows how to spin a Gargantuan yarn.

In the limning of the King of Keystone's likeness, Fowler has held the telltale mirror up to the metropolis of Cinelandia, B. S.—before sound, of course—thereby sketching in a background of much that is rapidly becoming legendary, concerning those wild, hell-tearing days of shameless freedom hereabouts. The saga of pioneer times, only a score of years ago, thus unfolded, seems almost incredible.

So suited is this field to Fowler's rapid, roistering style that, as another commentator has remarked, one wonders "why he did not sooner become the historian of the fantastic civilization which Hollywood nurtured. Superficially a biography of one of the pioneers of celluloid culture, the work is as much a history of Hollywood manners, morals, diversions and influences, as it is the story of Mack Sennett's rampant career in Filmland."

Before Sennett—the musical boilermaker—motion pictures were largely tear-jerking melodrama, of an impossible sort. In the film's nervous flickering, the would-be opera singer from Hartford saw a medium of great promise for farcical entertainment. So, after a spell of sobbing under D. W. Griffith, Sennett proceeded to inject the clown's bladder. Always interested in policemen, he invented the Keystone Cops and their chases. Next came the pie-hurling era and finally his genius climaxed in feminine undress, via the bathing beauties.

If the women of today appreciate their sartorial emancipation, Fowler suggests that they erect a monument to Mack Sennett.

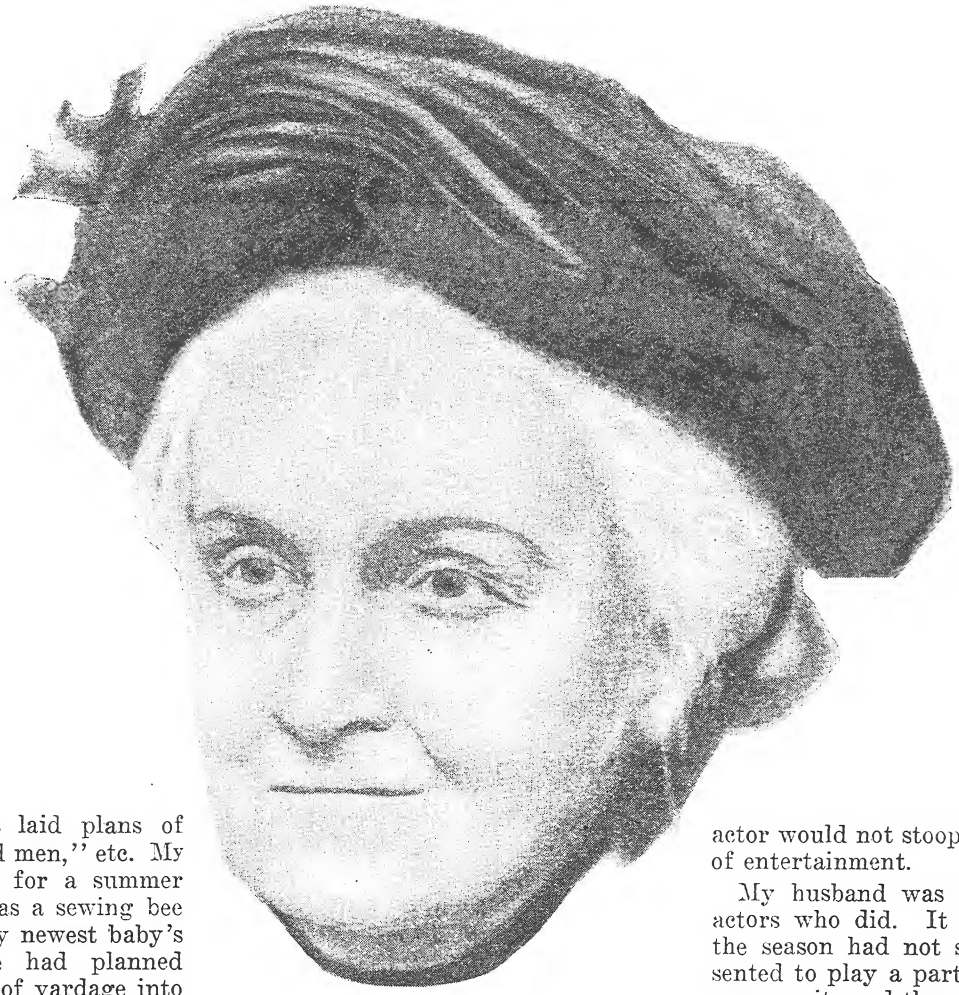
In Hollywood's early days, Griffith, Ince and Sennett constituted the masterful triumvirate. They set the pace for the industry which owes as much to the latter as to anyone else. And this myriad-stranded tale about him is ingeniously garlanded with a "bathtub motif," that plays much the same part as the recurring strain in a symphony, only this is growingly ludicrous. Yet, the author never laughs at his subject—but rather with him, good-naturedly.

Running back present day Hollywood's pedigree to the primitive Cahuenga Indians, whose native-neighbors are reputed to have held their noses on nearing them, Fowler resorts to a novel

(*Continued on page* 30)

From B. C. (Before Closeups) to A. D. (After Dialogue)

By Mary Carr



Pencil Portrait by John Carr

"THE best laid plans of mice and men," etc. My best laid plan for a summer day in 1908 was a sewing bee with Helen, my newest baby's godmother—we had planned stitching a lot of yardage into garments for the said baby, Tommy by name, but a telephone call for Helen cut that day into a very different pattern.

She came away from the phone saying: "I'm so sorry, but I've had a call to come to the studio immediately."

"Studio? What studio? And what do you do there?" I asked.

Well, after a questionnaire, I gathered the studio was a place where a series of pictures was made by a camera having a crank turned by hand—every move a picture.

In the midst of explanations, Helen said, "Why not put on the new dress and 'Merry Widow' hat and come with me?"

The answer was "Yes"—mostly, I suppose, because I longed to dress up in the new outfit. So-o-o-o-o, that day I had my first view of a studio and a motion picture camera. To me, a mechanical, three-legged Cyclops, its one eye greedily gobbling all before it.

The studio was the whole second floor of a movie show house. In those days these pictures were cooked upstairs and served downstairs. This was the old Lubin Studio in Philadelphia.

Well, Helen and I walked into more confusion than I'd seen for many a day, for my time was filled with little things like baby bottles, kissing the hurts, bedtime stories and a million trivialities that a mother of four somehow fits into twenty-four hours. The studio was confusion with a big C. Helen bustled up to the director to report (no casting offices, efficiency experts etc., in those days). Helen presented me, but the director was an old acquaintance. I noticed that his gaze was riveted on my hat. With that gaze came the question:

"Would you mind sitting in this scene? Your hat is just right for it."

It was all so confusing and unexpected. I sat. It was a theater set. Plot: A gentleman supposed to become irate and cause a riot because two ladies in seats directly ahead wore "Merry Widow" hats, brims touching, thus obstructing his view of the stage. The opus was titled "The Merry Widow" in which my hat starred and I was an unpaid extra. I regretted that I had not stayed at home with the sewing and accomplished something worth while.

A few days later the studio called, offering me a lead in a new opus. Imagine offering a matron with four children a lead! But those were the days when anyone with stage experience was in demand and the supply was less than the demand, for your legitimate actor would not stoop to this lower form of entertainment.

My husband was one of those good actors who did. It was summer time, the season had not started, so he consented to play a part, remained to play more, write and then direct and was one of the first picture enthusiasts. He had a great belief in the future of pictures. One day, in conversation with "Pop" Lubin, he prophesied great things to come for this "infant industry." Mr. Lubin replied: "Oh it's a fad like the bicycle. It will soon be over." So, not seeing much future in pictures, Mr. Lubin wanted no innovations. Where the camera was put, it stayed. Literally nailed to the floor. Very little change of angles in those B. C. (before closeups) times.

One day, Mr. Carr, directing a company on location, needed to get an actor alighting from a carriage, walking up a driveway and entering a house. He dared to "pan" the camera and thus make one scene instead of three out of that simple action. Next day he had another bright idea and brought the camera close enough to the actor to register what said actor was doing. A close up!

A few days later Mr. Lubin sent for "This Carr" and greeted him with: "Do you think you are Columbus? You moved my camera and you filled the whole screen with one man to the waist. Take it over." Taken over, it was B. C.

It was not long, however, until the B.

(*Continued on page* 30)

Asteroids . . .

Viewed by Repput
Drawn by John Carr

Margaret Carthew

At an early age—four, five, or six—on the sands of Florida she learned to dance, and in the waters that wash Palm Beach she learned to swim. Swimming and dancing—she was much more interested in these than in reading, writing, and 'rithmetic, which she learned in Florida, then at Ward-Belmot, and finally at a finishing school in New York City.

But finishing school was not nearly so exciting as a small, crowded room on the east side where professionals gathered to limber up and recapture tech-

nique after coming off the road. There were bars to hold to along the wall, and a huge-fisted giant playing a battered piano.

Her first professional appearance was in the Ziegfield chorus. After being a show girl for five years, always in the dance numbers, she came to Hollywood with fifteen other Ziegfield girls to appear in "The King of Jazz." Since then she has danced at the Bowl, in important prologues, at night clubs, and in many big musicals—"Forty-Second Street," "Gold Diggers," "Footlight Parade," "Fashions of 1934"....She is now working in the production of "The Gold Diggers of 1935."

"But it isn't work. I have always loved it," she says. And what about swimming? She loves that too. In fact she is one of the best swimmers in pictures. One she does professionally. Both, for the pleasure they give her. Life is like that—some times.

Frederic Vroom

"Can you read a few lines?" a director asked Frederic Vroom, during the making of a recent picture. Mr. Vroom, famous as a Shakespearean actor, replied quietly that he thought he could. Anyway he would like to try.

This was on his seventy-seventh birthday. He was born in 1857 and at the age of sixteen entered a theatre for the first time to see Edwin Booth play "Brutus." To his companion young Vroom said, "That's what I'm going to do." He walked home, thinking it over, and thereafter for eleven years read Shakespeare — committing the tragedies to memory—and studied at the New York Academy of Dramatic Arts.

His stage debut was with Robert Mantell. Later, for five years, he was with Booth and Barrett, in "Julius Caesar," "Antonio," "King Claudius," "Richelieu," "Hamlet"...and he was with them when Barrett was taken fatally ill, in the month of March, 1891. Booth finished out an engagement at Brooklyn, then never again appeared on the stage.

Nine years later Mr. Vroom left the stage and, during gold rush days, went to Alaska. He was a miner for ten years.

In 1910 he appeared in pictures—for the Tanhauser Company, playing important parts. For six years he was with Lasky, and since sound has come to the screen he has played many parts, chiefly those of diplomats and fathers.

Louis Carmona and Nidia deWynne

This heartening word has come to the more vividly pigmented sisters of the ladies whom gentlemen prefer:

"Brunettes make the best dancers."

The authority is Louis Carmona of the dance team of Carmona and deWynne. At the Ambassador, the Vista Del Arroyo, the Huntington Hotel, Carmona has taught several hundred blonds and brunettes the tango, the rhumba and the waltz. Surely he should know.

Born in Mexico City, educated there and in New York, he came to Hollywood twelve years ago and since has appeared in English and Spanish versions of num-

erous pictures—"Viva Villa," "The Merry Widow," "The Cat and the Fiddle," "Sweet Adaline," "Border Town"....

Though his partner is a brunette, he says that for professional work there should be contrast in coloring. Also that dancing is more difficult for men than for women, and that the majority of professional women dancers are blondes. "But," he insisted, "brunettes, as a rule, are the better dancers."

Miss deWynne, like her partner, plays parts and dances in the movies. Also at times a professional model, she may be seen at the Biltmore modeling gowns when the Eastern wholesalers are in town. Unhesitatingly she says, "Tall, dark men are the best dance partners." That makes it unanimous.

After seeing them on the dance floor, one must admit it would be difficult to find a couple, blond or brunette, to match them in perfection, whether dancing the tango, the rhumba, or the waltz.

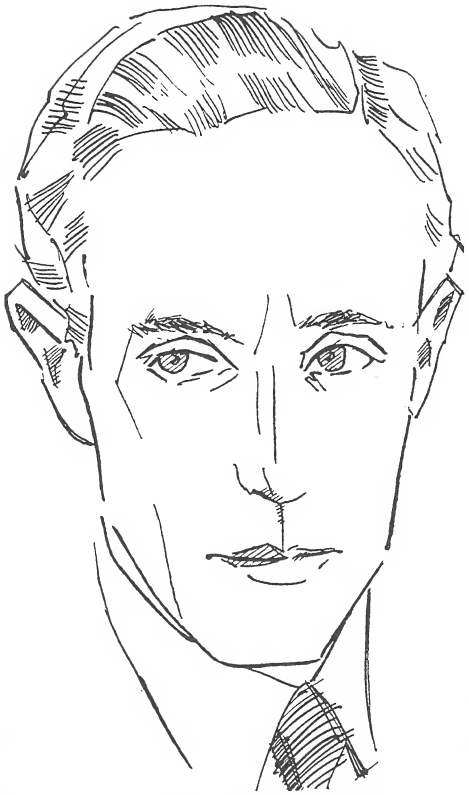
Viewed by Eryas
Drawn by John Carr

. . . . Stars

Margaret Sullivan

The new Mrs. Bill Wyler . . . first met him three months ago when he started to direct her in her latest picture, Molnar's "The Good Fairy" . . . married once before . . . novel nomenclature has played quite a role in her career . . . first, her own surname, which is not a phoney, not Irish and that odd "a" has been there since there was tidewater in Virginia . . . then her half-sister's first name is Lewise . . . she went to Sullins College . . . and finally, one of the co-instigators of the University Players troupe at Falmouth, Cape Cod, in which

she got her start, was a lad tagged Bretaigne Windust . . . toured the South in "Strictly Dishonorable" playing "Isobel" . . . the company doubled back up the Atlantic seaboard and at Princeton, N. J., her performance was caught by Elmer Harris, who immediately offered her the femme lead in his forthcoming "The Modern Virgin" . . . show ran a year and she got rave notices, especially on her voice which was compered to la Barrymore's . . . later played fat parts in "If Love Were All" and "Happy Landings" . . . did stock at Balto. and Mt. Kisco . . . early in '33 was signed to replace Marguerite Churchill in "Dinner at Eight" . . . John Stahl caught her performance and the rest is history . . . had only one afternoon away from the Universal lot during the fourteen weeks filming of "Only Yesterday" . . . uses no makeup in civil life . . . completely unspoiled and unaffected . . .



Leslie Howard

Is myopic, and it used to be funny to watch a damsel, who had swooned over him from the other side of the footlights, react when she met him off with his cheaters on . . . real surname Stainer, and he was nicely brought up in the London suburbs . . . public school, Dulwich . . . a bank clerk before he joined up and went to France with the B. E. F., where he was infected with the theatrical virus during regimental shows . . . has written reams of plays, mostly one-acters . . . appeared in "Murray Hill," which he wrote himself . . . a slick magazine writer as readers of "Vanity Fair" and "The New Yorker" can testify . . . first job in an English road company of "Peg o' My Heart" after being demobbed . . . undoubtedly the nation's favorite English actor of the many who have appeared in the American theatre since the war . . . his first successes were A. A. Milne operas, such as "Mr. Pim Passes By," "The Truth About Blayds" and "The Romantic Age" . . . went over something tremendous with la Cornell in "The Green Hat" and la Eagles in "Her Cardboard Lover" . . . Galsworthy's "Escape" . . . topped these off with "The Animal Kingdom" and "Berkeley Square" . . . Warner Bros. pinned him to celluloid with "Outward Bound" . . . a clever caricaturist, daffy about polo.

Joan Crawford

Born Lucille LeSueur Cassin at San Antone . . . tagged "Billy" in her nonage, most of which was passed in K. C. . . . her father ran a theatre there, but was dead set against her going into show business . . . vamosed from home and broke in as a dancer in one of Ernie Young's Chicago revues . . . hit the Big Town as a chorine for the Shuberts . . . "Innocent Eyes" and various "Passing Shows" . . . Harry Rapf saw and signed her . . . first screen part as an extra in "Pretty Ladies," a Monta Bell classic back in 1925 . . . she was still using the monniker, "Lucille Le Sueur" . . . baptized "Joan Crawford" in a fan mag.

contest . . . was scared of horses for a long time, but now walks right up and pats them . . . first screen break in "Old Clothes" with Jackie Coogan . . . then a Lon Chaney, and thereafter a long succession of collegiates . . . "The Duke Steps Out," etc. . . back in the pre-talkie 20's, she and the John Held blondes split honors for being the national collegiate femme types . . . talkies raised her to serious roles and stardom . . . goes in a big way for dill pickles, O. O. McIntyre, pajamas, poems by Dottie Parker and Bing Crosby records . . . always losing her gloves . . . good singer . . . won a heap of cups in her early days for dancing . . . some of her great screen parts were "Grand Hotel," "Paid," "Within the Law" and "Dancing Lady" . . . intends to vote for Tone for President in 1936 . . . has a private theatre at her Brentwood home in which she stages her own shows . . . makes cross-stitch rugs . . . a confirmed bike rider . . .

"OUT SKAPOOSE WAY"

By "Pinto" Colvig

ILLUSTRATED by the AUTHOR and WRITTEN by the ARTIST

Snid

Salter

Clem

Croneymiller

Accordin' t' Horace Saltwater "Horse Shoe" Hawkins, editor of "The Skapoose Gazette and Champeen Horseshoe Pitcher of Sagebrush County.

This bein' my first day as correspondent to yer worthy an' esteemed magazine, I find that drummin' up news in this neck-o'-th'-cactus, a job of no mean proportions. Anyway, "Soft Soap" Sutton (squaw-man) wuz convicted last Tuesday fer sellin' cold tea to th' Injuns—th' jury (11-12ths. wimmin) refusin' to even SNIFF th' evidence. Anyway, Old Doc Snorptuttle reports Snid Salter (Juryman No. 12) restin' easier t'day.

Oliver Tewksbury (local poet an' hawg raiser) is always sendin' pomes to "Th' Skapoose Gazette' (H. S. Hawkins-Editor). Bein' as th' Gazette's circulation ain't none to chipper at this writin,' I'm sendin' same to you. Dern thing seems t' *rhyme*—but not in th' *right places.*

MOTHER

by

Oliver

Tewksbury

O tender doe with gentle fawn
Whose langwid eyes reflect th' dawn—
Unfurrel Old Glory! Let cannons
shout!
We pay thee homage, O Mother Devout!

(. . . furthermore, th' dang thing don't even make SENSE.)

Amos Lunk (local smart Elek) showed up at band practice last night (H. S. Hawkins—Leader) with his slide trombone attached to a chain in his buttonhole. "What's th' idea?" asks

Red

Honkwiller

Doc

Snorptuttle

Red Honkwiller an' Amos grins back as how he swaller'd one of them derned things once an' wuzn't takn' no more chances. (Amos sure is a case.)

Old Doc Snorptuttle, local pulse-taker (who breeds leeches durin' spare hours) reports that our death rate has dropt off consid'able lately—there bein' only 26 shootin's and 26 hangin's to date this month.

NOTE: (Justice might be blind back there in Chicago—but we put specs on th' ol' gal up here!)

Th' Midnite Quartette held a recital up at Red Honkwiller's Pool Hall last Thursday . . . Ollie Tewksbury (pinch nose tenor) . . . Amos Lunk (adenoidic baritone) . . . Snid Salter (abdominal bass) . . . and H. S. HAWKINS (LEADER). Th' first 3 tunes received cheer after cheer—but when Amos started warblin' "Sweet Adaleen," some smart elek started in throwin' BENCHES. (Old Doc Snorptuttle reports Amos's condition "some better" t'day.)

Last night when Th' Skapoose Silver Cornet Band wuz concertin' on th' Main Street Plaza, th' leader (H. S. Hawkins) sez: "We'll now play number 12 in th' red book" an' Orson Dudd, th' flutist, ask Clem Croneymiller: "Hey, Clem—which one is that?"—an' Clem hollers back: "Home Sweet Home," yuh dern fool!" and Ors turns as red as a beet an' sez: "GOSH ALL HEMLOCK! THAT'S TH' TUNE I PLAYED TWO TUNES AGO!"

Eggs is cheaper up here this week.

"S. S." Sutton

"H." Grigsby

'Seen some on Oliver Tewksbury's chin an' vest t'day.

Our 47th Annual Spellin' Bee wuz held at th' District School last week with first honors goin' to Missus Mort Steevins (nee Elsie Primm.) SIN-SINATTY (Ohio) wuz th' word what choked 'em all. Red Honkwiller set right down on it cold while Ollie Tewksbury tried spellin' it with a "Z." Imagine!

"Horsetail" Grigsby's boy (Wes) is so dag nab shy he kain't look at a gal without turnin' red. Yesterday his Pa sez to him: "Wes—it's about time you wuz settlin' down an' gettin' yerself hitched-up. You know when I was your age I married yer Ma!"—an' Wes looks scairt, scrapes his feet an' sez: "Yeah—sure—you married MAW—but I'D hafta go out an marry some STRANGE WOMAN!"

H. S.

Hawkins

Th' Skapoose Chaw an' Whittle Club held their weekly spittin' contest last Tuesday back o' Hen Horsley's Livery Stable—"Muleshoe Plug" bein' th' official chaw (with none o' th' contestants blind-folded.) SCORE: Amos Lunk (between teeth) 24 feet. Snid Salter (tongue an' lip) 19 feet. "Buckwheat" Bowzer (village drunkard) (straight blow) 1 foot, 2 inches.

P. S. Creampuffs wuz served after th' game.

Well, (as th' feller sez) GOLF fer th' Early Risin' Rich . . . TENNIS fer th' Fidgety Upstart and' POLO fer th' Suicide Fool—but when recommendin' remedies fer GALL STONES you kin prescribe HOSS SHOES everytime.

"Horse Shoe" Hawkins

A. Lunk

H. Horsley

"B." Bowzer

O Dudd

Award . . . X-Mas Party

(*Continued from page 5*)

tickets; and she can be reached by mail at the office of the Screen Writers' Guild, 1655 North Cherokee Avenue. Checks should be made out to Ernest Pascal, treasurer.

The names of the other scribes involved in conducting the fete to a happy termination, at dawn or later, will be found in these columns.

And the whole world, for the whole world goes to moving pictures, is thus afforded, for the first time, a chance to learn what the men and women who write the pictures consider are the five best specimens of their craft.

BALLOT COMMITTEE

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THE SCREEN WRITERS' GUILD

Please reserve table seating.....
FIRST ANNUAL DINNER DANCE to be given at the Trocadero, Thursday, December 20, 1934 at 8:00 p. m.
Admission—$5.15 for one, including tax.
Tables will be assigned in order in which reservations are received. No reservations will be accepted unless accompanied by check.

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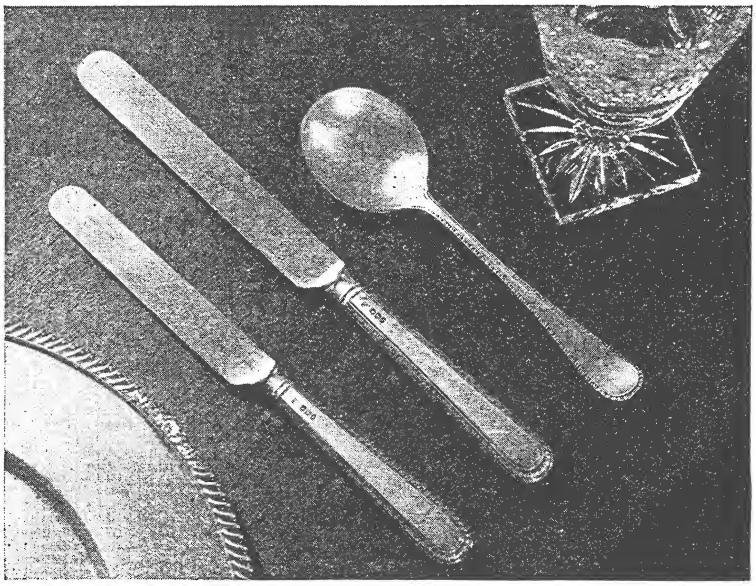

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Screen Actors . . . Equity Contract

THE contract of affiliation between the Screen Actors' Guild, Inc. and Actors' Equity Association is being submitted to the voting members of the Guild.

So that all of our members understand the terms of the affiliation, we are printing the contract in full.

During December a general meeting, open to all Guild members, will be called for the purpose of ratification.

AFFILIATION OF SCREEN ACTORS GUILD, INC. WITH ACTORS' EQUITY ASSOCIATION AND CHORUS EQUITY ASSOCIATION

November 15, 1934.

Agreement entered into between the Actors' Equity Association, and Chorus Equity Association, both voluntary associations organized under the laws of New York, hereinafter jointly called "Equity," and Screen Actors Guild, Inc., a California non-profit membership corporation, hereinafter called the "Guild."

It is the purpose of both organizations to further the interests of actors, wherever they work. To foster this common end and to strengthen the hands of both, Equity and the Guild enter into this agreement on the following terms.

1. This agreement shall be in effect until cancelled, and may be cancelled by either party on four months' written notice or immediately if the other party breaks the contract. All provisions apply only during the duration of the contract.

2. As soon as this contract goes into effect, the Guild agrees to apply to the Associated Actors and Artistes of America, a voluntary association affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, (hereinafter called the Four A's) for a charter granting the Guild exclusive jurisdiction of the motion picture actors' field in the United States of America, its dependencies and possessions and Canada, and Equity agrees to cause said charter to be issued within a reasonable time. The Guild agrees to amend its By-Laws forthwith to define its jurisdiction accordingly, and to keep such By-Laws in full force and effect. In the event of the cancellation of this contract, the Guild agrees to surrender said charter to the Four A's. The Guild agrees to elect members of the International Board of the Four A's satisfactory to Equity. The Guild agrees to abide by the rules of the Four A's and the American Federation of Labor in making labor affiliations.

3. Equity retains all its present jurisdiction except the motion picture field. The Guild has complete autonomy, its own officers, basic documents, and By-Laws. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, each party shall determine its own policy toward aliens.

4. Neither party shall have the right to call a strike of the members of the other party. In the event, however, of a strike by either party in its field, the other party will direct its members not to work in such field and will discipline them if they do.

5. The parties shall create a Conference Board to consult from time to time on mutual problems. Wherever practicable there shall be an exchange of facilities between the parties on terms to be from time to time agreed upon.

6. Members of either party who are also members of the other will pay dues to both organizations. Members of the Guild who are Equity members engaged in motion picture work, and other Equity members living in California and making their living by moton picture work, and who have not as yet joined the Guild but who do so before March 1st, 1935, and who are in arrears to Equity, are relieved of arrearage, but will pay dues to Equity from and after November 1st, 1934. Where Class C Guild members are not working in the theatre, this paragraph shall not apply to them. Where Equity members who are Class C Guild members, are not working in motion pictures, the Guild will remit their Guild dues. By not working in the theatre or in motion pictures respectively is meant that the member in question is no longer identified with the field in question. A paid up Equity member who has not and is not now making his living in motion pictures, and who desires to join Class B or Class C of the Guild, depending on his eligibility for the respective class under the By-Laws of the Guild, will not be required to pay initiation fees and dues until six months after he enters the motion picture field, and only then if he is still working in the motion picture field. Except as above provided, Equity will admit to membership members of the Guild only if paid up, and the Guild will admit to membership members of Equity only if paid up. Any charter provisions with which this paragraph conflicts are hereby waived.

7. Members of Equity acting in motion pictures, now or hereafter, will be required by Equity to join the Guild. Members of the Guild acting on the legitimate stage, now or hereafter, will be required by the Guild to join Equity. Otherwise, members of either organization will not be required to join the other.

8. The suspension of a member from either organization shall entail suspension from both organizations, and discipline (including fines and penalties) imposed upon members by either organization shall be respected and enforced by both. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, Equity shall immediately furnish the Guild its suspended list of members, and such members shall not be admitted to the Guild without the consent of Equity. This paragraph will not require the suspension or discipline of existing members of either organization for past offenses or delinquency in the other organization. This paragraph will not require the Guild to suspend Class C members not working in the theatre who have not paid their Equity dues; nor Equity to suspend Equity members who are Class C Guild members not working in motion pictures who have not paid their Guild dues.

9. The Guild may at any time, and on request of Equity shall, open a New York office for administrative purposes. The Guild agrees that the personnel of such office shall be satisfactory to Equity.

10. The Guild agrees to pay the per capita tax payable to the Four A's, paying the full tax on Guild members who are not Equity members and half the tax on common members. ..Equity states that such tax is at present seventy-five cents per year per paid-up member, and in the past about sixty per cent of the amount paid has been returned by the Four A's. The Guild shall receive its pro rata share of any such return.

11. Each party will promptly transmit to the other necessary information as to membership, delinquencies, etc., as will enable the other party to carry out the agreements just made.

12. This agreement shall be construed liberally to effectuate its purpose, and shall become binding only when it is ratified by the respective governing bodies and membership of the parties hereto; and when so ratified, the respective organizations will pass all necessary legislation and take all necessary steps to carry out and enforce the same.

Dated: November 15, 1934.

ACTORS' EQUITY ASSOCIATION,
By: Frank Gillmore, President.
By: Paul Dulzell, Secretary.

CHORUS EQUITY ASSOCIATION,
By: Frank Gillmore, President.
By: Dorothy Bryant, Secretary.

SCREEN ACTORS' GUILD, INC.,
By: Robert Montgomery, Vice-President.
By: Kenneth Thomson, Secretary.

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Junior Guild . . .

WERE you there? If you weren't you missed one of the best parties of the year. Ask any of the thousand or more who turned out for the first Junior Guild's Ball. They'll tell you what a grand time we all had. Words of praise are flowing in the office every day. What a party! What a night!

We purposely put the cost of admission way down—so low, in fact, that at first we didn't think we would come out without a deficit. But we did, and here are the figures—

Ticket Sale	$565.00
Commission on House Sale	61.11
Total Received	626.11
Total Expense	259.80
Net Profit	$366.31

But even though this is a splendid showing for our first party the figures are not final. There are still a few tickets which have not been paid for, and the purchasers have already telephoned the Guild office to explain their tardiness. The final net profit will be more than three hundred and seventy-five dollars. Pretty good for our first party, isn't it? This gives us a nest egg with which to hatch some nice things in the future.

First honors for high ticket sales goes to Florence Wix. Working untiringly, Flo outsold the highest runner-up six to one, which is a great record considering the number of members who had tickets to sell. A member of the Senior Guild who is selling tickets for the Second Annual Guild Ball remarked: "If we only had Flo Wix, she could sell out the Biltmore Bowl in a week!"

The entertainment committee was in the capable hands of Nate Edwards, who did an excellent job in supplying the affair with talent. Nate deserves a round of applause; and as long as we're on the subject, a full round of applause should be given the entire membership which so loyally helped in every way possible to make the party a success.

Eddie Kane and Tyler Brooke, members of the Senior Guild, acted as Masters of Ceremonies, and certainly performed like veterans. There wasn't a dull moment during the whole evening; and even in the wee small hours, when quite a number had left, there was no lack of entertainment.

Telegrams were received from Kenneth Thomson and Larry Beilenson. Both expressed their regrets for not being able to attend. Richard Tucker, assistant secretary of the Senior Guild, read them. Tristram Tupper, George Sayre and Wilfred MacDonald, editors of your magazine, were present with a large party of guests; Jimmie Cagney dropped in and made a most interesting speech; and that silver - voiced singer, Clarence Muse, gave us several songs in his inimitable style. Clarence has the distinction of being among the first sixty who joined the Senior Guild.

The dazzling tango team, Carmona and De Wynne, did a dance number and several encores. Another high spot of the evening was Harry Bayfield's clown numbers. This was part of the act with which Harry toured the big time circus. He was ably assisted by Harry Wagner. Another act, enthusiastically enjoyed, comprised several of the songs of yesterday by that grand trouper, Lillian Drew. Earl Askam, who is also a member of the Senior Guild, was great. Monty Vandergrift and Norma Leslie captivated the audience with some numbers from their vaudeville act. One of the feature acts of the evening was the "Shot-Gun Wedding" — Nadra de Wynne played the bride, Bob North did the preacher, Alan Cavan, the father, while Ed Parker and Bob Ellsworth played the two sons, and Richard Tucker was cast on the spot as the heavy who was forced to marry Little Nell.

In view of the encouraging success we have had with our first party, many members are asking, "When are we going to have another!" First, we want to be better prepared. There are many members who have acts, who sing and do numbers, and we want all of you to send this information about yourself into the Guild office. We want more of the membership to take part in the entertainment — for the next Junior Guild Party.

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While Warren & Dubin may tiptoe through the tulips during working hours, they indulge in no melodic or lyrical fantasy when looking Old Man Future in the eye. Having no desire to be gliding a Shadow Waltz with intangible future

WARREN & DUBIN
Tulips and torches velvety vacations.

incomes, they've affixed their signatures to a pair of documents which will aid them in humming happy ditties the rest of their lives.

Rhyme, Rhythm, Reason

As they build their melodic inspirations into hit songs, Warren & Dubin are also building holidays — retirements devoid of financial troubles, investment problems. For their latest productons are annuities so designed by Specialist Benjamin Leven that no passing condition, appeal or proposition will ever sidetrack or forestall their vacations at the time when they seek rest, respite from rhyme & rhythm.

And at that time, they will not lack for holiday companions, for thus far in 1934, Annuity Counselor Leven had arranged more than 100 vacations-to-come among Hollywood filmfolk.

Why Leven?

Just as Hollywood demands high-caliber excellence from craftsmen of every type, so it insists on integrity, knowledge, skill when mapping out protection by insurance, security through annuities. At the head of the list (for the entire west) is the name of Benjamin Leven, honored by vast, rock-like New York Life last month as topman this side of Chicago.

No secret is the Leven address (Suite 310 Guaranty Bldg., Hollywood) nor the phone number HE-3862. No obligation follows your request for a Schedule of Future Income. No uncertainty or worry need ever enter your mind if you thus provide for your great holiday.

Screen Writers' Assignments . . .

OCTOBER 20 TO NOVEMBER 20

1—Original Story; 2—Adaptation; 3—Continuity; 4—Dialogue; 5—Lyrics; 6—Music; *——In Collaboration.

ADAMS, FRANK R.—Paramount
"The Goddess," 3-4

ANDERSON, DORIS—Universal
"Moon Mullins," 2-3-4-*

BALDERSTON, JOHN L.—Paramount
"The End of the World," 2-3-4-*

BARRINGER, BARRY—R. K. O.-Pathe
"When A Man's A Man,' 2-3-4

BARTLETT, SY—Warner Bros.
"From This Dark Stairway," 3

BLOCK, RALPH—Warner Bros.
"Caliente," 1-2-3-4-*

BOYLAN, MALCOLM STUART—Warner Bros.
"Classmates," 2-3-4

BUFFINGTON, ADELE—Universal
"Food of Love," 2-3

CHANSLOR, ROY—Warner Bros.
"Women Are Bum Newspapermen," 2-3-4-*
"Police Escort," 2-3-4-*

COFFEE, LENORE—M.G.M.
"Vanessa," 2-3-4-*

COHEN, ALBERT J.—M.G.M.
"Times Square Lady," 3-4-*

COSLOW, SAM—Paramount
"All the King's Horses," 5-6, Waikiki Wedding," 6

CUNNINGHAM, ANN—M.G.M.
"Sequoia," 2-3-4-*

DARLING, W. SCOTT—British Lion
"Visa To Paradise," 1, **Liberty Productions,** "The Old Homestead," 2-3-4

DAVES, DELMER—Warner Bros.
"Stranded," 2-3-4, "Miss Pacific Fleet, 2-3-4

DAWN, ISABEL—Warner Bros.
"Not On Your Life," 1-2-3-4-*

FARAGOH, FRANCIS E.—R.K.O.
"Becky Sharp," 2-3-4

DE GAW, BOYCE—Warner Bros.
"Not On Your Life," 1-2-3-4-*

FORT, GARRETT—R. K.O.
"Jalna," 2-3-4

GILBERT, L. WOLFE—Universal
"Life Returns," 4-*

GLASMON, KUBEC—Paramount
"The Glass Key," 2-3-4-*

GOODRICH, FRANCES—M.G.M.
"Naughty Marietta," 4-*

GRANEMAN, EDDY—Mack Sennett
"The Lost City" (Serial), 2-3-4-*

GREY, JOHN—Columbia
"Shivers," 1-2-3-4-*

GRUEN, JAMES—Mascot
"Behind the Green Lights," 1-2-3-4-*

HACKETT, ALBERT—M.G.M.
"Naughty Marietta," 4-*

HANLINE, MAURICE A.—R.K.O.
"Adios Argentina," 2-4-*; **Universal,** "My Mother," 1-2-3-4-*

HAYWARD, LILLIE—Warner Bros.
"The White Cockatoo," 2-3-4-*, "Women Are Bum Newspapermen," 2-3-4-*

HOFFENSTEIN, SAMUEL—Samuel Goldwyn
"The Dark Angel," 2-3-4

JOHNSON, HENRY—Fox
"Private Beach," 2-3-4-*

JOSEPHSON, JULIEN—Fox
"The Captive Bride," 2-3-4-*

KALMAR, BERT—M.G.M.
"Night At The Opera," 2-3-4-*

KENYON, CHARLES—Warner Bros.
"The Goose And The Gardner," 1-2-3-4-*, "Midsummer-Night's Dream," 2-3-4*

KING, BRADLEY—Fox
"Under The Pampa Moon," 2-3-*

KOBER, ARTHUR—Fox
"Recipe For Murder," 2-3-4

LAWSON, JOHN HOWARD—Columbia
"Party Wire," 2-3-4-*

LEE, ROBERT N.—Warner Bros.
"The Case of the Velvet Claws," 3-4

LEVIEN, SONYA—Fox
"Beauty's Daughter," 2-3-4

McEVOY, J. P.—Paramount
"Win or Lose," 2-3-4-*, "Vengeance," 1-2-3-4-*, "One Big Happy Family," 1

MacDONALD, WALLACE—Mascot
"The Phantom Empire," 1-2-4-*

MEEHAN, ELIZABETH—Paramount
"Rose of the Rancho," 1-2-3-4-*

MINTZ, SAM—Universal
"Women Are Like That," 1-2-3-4

MORGAN, AINSWORTH—R.K.O.
"Boy of Flanders," 2-3-4

NASH, ALDEN—Columbia
"The Bride's Bouquet," 1

NEVILLE, ROBERT—Fox
"Strangers of the Night," 2-3-4-*

PARAMORE, EDWARD E., Jr.—Paramount
"Desert Castle Mystery," 1, "Guns," 1

REEVES, THEODORE—Warner Bros.
"Devotion," 1-2-3-4

ROBINSON, CASEY—Warner Bros.
"Glorious," 1-2-3-4

ROTHAFEL, ROBT. CHAS.—Universal
"Jan of the Jungle," 3-4-*

RUBY, HARRY—M.G.M.
"Night At The Opera," 2-3-4-*

SCHARY, DORE—Warner Bros.
"Blue Moon Murder," 2-3-4-*

SCHUBERT, BERNARD—M.G.M.
"Vampires of Prague," 2-3-4-*

SEGAL, HARRY—M.G.M
"Public Enemy No. 2," 3-4

SHEEKMAN, ARTHUR—United Artists
Untitled Eddie Cantor story, 1-2-3-4-*

SIMMONS, MICHAEL L.—Universal
"The Raven," 1-2-3-4-*

SOLOW, EUGENE—Warner Bros.
"While the Patient Slept," 2-3-4-*

STARLING, LYNN—Wanger Prod.
"Private Worlds," 2-3-4

STERN, JACK—20th Century
"Folies Bergere," 6

STORM, JANE—Paramount
"Waikiki Wedding," 2-3-*

SUTHERLAND, SIDNEY—M.G.M.
"Saratoga," 2-3-4-*

TRAUB, JOE—Warner Bros.
"Earth Worm Tractors," 3-4-*

TROTTI, LAMAR—Fox
"Life Begins At Forty," 2-3-4

VEILLER, ANTHONY—Paramount
"San Francisco Heiress," 1-2

WAGGNER, GEORGE—Monogram
"The Nut Farm," 2-3-4

WAGNER, JACK—R.K.O.
"The Little Minister," 4

WALKER, ROBERT——Consol. Pict. Corp.
"A Million Dollar Haul," 2

WATSON, ROBERT—R.K.O.
"The Little Minister," 4-*

WEAD, FRANK—M.G.M.
"First to Fight," 1-2-3-4-*

Books, Plays, Articles, Stories

EARLY, DUDLEY—Interview (Picture Play)

HADLEY, HAROLD—"Come See Them Die" (Article) Julian Messner, Inc.

HANLINE, MAURICE A.—"Years of Indiscretion" (Novel) Macaulay Co.

KOBER, ARTHUR—"The Joy-Boy" (Story), Harper's Bazaar, **"Bronx Nocturne"** (Story) The New Yorker

MINTZ, SAM—"Fire, Wine and Water" (Article) Encyl. of Motion Pict. Italy

OUTERSON, WILLIAM—"Dead Calm" (Story) London Daily Express, **"The Weakest"** (Story) Argosy

RIVKIN, ALLEN—"Knock On Wood" (Play) Carl Hemmer

SMITH, JANE HINTON—"The Girl From Trieste" (Play) Harry Moses

WATSON, ROBERT—"Film Facts" (Article) MacLean's Mag., **"Victor McLaglen"** (Article) Sunday Post, Glasgow, "Scots In Hollywood" (Article) Sunday Post, Glasgow

H. G. Wells Presents . . .

(*Continued from page* 14)

In those days for two young people to go and live together without benefit of a marriage ceremony was not the same as it is today. Again and again, they were obliged to move from the lodgings and to remain virtually in Coventry, until the cousin Isabel released them by divorcing Wells. "But our alliance," he says, "never became an intense sexual companionship, which indeed is why my primary fixation upon my cousin remained so powerful in my mind for ten years or more, and why, later, as we emerged to success and freedom I was in a phase of imaginative dispersal and began to scandalize the whisperers about us."

Some of the material of those whisperers he would doubtless set forth with his usual, or rather, his extraordinary, candor, were it not that most of those concerned are still living contemporaries and even noted contemporaries.

Biographies are seldom made into motion pictures, though sometimes they turn out extremely successful ones. Here is a biography that one wishes could be made into a great picture of the type of "Cavalcade." For Wells's is a life that summarizes an epoch, our own epoch with all its turmoil, confusion and perplexities, and all the longing for a more orderly and a more ordered world. One somehow feels sure that of all the people who would enjoy those numerous scenes which must figure from the draper's shop to the White House visits no one would enjoy them more than that astonishingly vital, alert and quick-thinking personality, H. G. Wells himself.

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Keep It Clean

(*Continued from page 6*)

SOMERSET:

Listen, Bill. You let a couple of words like "lust" get on the screen—and you're through. And don't think I'm clowning either. These purity boys mean business. And, in a way, they're right.

SHAKESPEARE:

Right! You mean you actually think—

SOMERSET:

Certainly they're right. Would you let *your* daughter go to a place where she could hear words like *lust?*

SHAKESPEARE:

Why not?

SOMERSET:

Why not? Let me tell you something, *My* daughter *never* goes to pictures.

SHAKESPEARE:

Er—no? Where *does* she go?

SOMERSET:

Nowhere. That is, without her mother. And what's more she never will—at least—until she's married to a good, respectable husband.

SHAKESPEARE:

I see. You want *him* to teach her about lust.

SOMERSET:

What's that?

SHAKESPEARE:

Or perhaps you expect her to learn from her mother?

SOMERSET:

Say, look here!

SHAKESPEARE:

I'm sorry—I—go on with your notes.

SOMERSET:

Yeah. Skip to the play scene.

SHAKESPEARE:

(With enthusiasm) The play's the thing!

SOMERSET:

You said it. That poison business. Pouring the stuff in the king's ear. Out! All of it!

SHAKESPEARE:

But that's the plot.

SOMERSET:

Can't help it. "Inciting youth to crime and showing them precise method of criminal act." Mentioned specifically in the Code—Article sixteen. And that isn't all.

(He turns back to the script. Mistress Drake appears in the doorway. Somerset sees her.)

What is it?

MISTRESS DRAKE:

F. B. is here.

SOMERSET:

Oh, yes. Well send him in.

MISTRESS DRAKE:

Yes, sir. (She goes out.)

SOMERSET:

F. B. is going to help on the rewrite.

SHAKESPEARE:

Rewrite!

SOMERSET:

Yes. I was afraid you'd be too busy so—oh come in, Frank.

Francis Bacon comes in. He is quite precise in his manner, and rather disagreeable looking. He has some papers under his arm.

SOMERSET:

You boys know each other, don't you? No? Well, this is Will Shakespeare. Francis Bacon.

SHAKESPEARE:

(Shaking hands) How do you do.

BACON:

(Also shaking hands) H'rye.

They regard each other without attempting to conceal an instant dislike.

SOMERSET:

Sit down, won't you? Pipe, Frank?

BACON:

Thanks, no.

Shakespeare and Bacon sit.

SOMERSET:

Well! I was just telling Bill here I'd asked you in on this, F. B. So we can go right to work. What have you got?

BACON:

Hm. (to Shakespeare) May I?

SHAKESPEARE:

(Icily) Go right ahead.

BACON:

Well-er-of course my position is a little difficult.

SOMERSET:

Forget it. He understands, don't you, Will?

SHAKESPEARE:

(On his dignity) Oh, surely. Surely.

SOMERSET:

(To Bacon) I'd just like to hear him squawk. Why he's the biggest plot stealer in the business, hey Bill?

SHAKESPEARE:

Ahem!

BACON:

A-ahem (coughing behind his hand) Ahem.

SOMERSET:

Know where he got that casket gag in the "Merchant of Venice"? Ha! Ha! I'll tell you sometime. (Whispering) Gesta Romanorum. He told me so.

SHAKESPEARE:

In confidence?

SOMERSET:

It's all in the family. What the hell, Bill! What the hell! Okay, Frank—let's have it.

BACON:

(Consulting his notes) Well! In the first place I think I've fixed up the censorable sex relationship between the Queen and the King.

SOMERSET:

Oh, that's good. What did you do?

BACON:

It was quite simple really. Instead of the Queen being Hamlet's mother—she's his aunt.

SHAKESPEARE:

His aunt!

BACON:

Precisely. His father's sister.

SOMERSET:

Say, that's not bad.

SHAKESPEARE:

Bad! It's terrible.

BACON:

Oh no. It's very good. You see in my version the King and Queen have been married for years——which cleans them up—and the motive for the murder has no sex angle at all. They simply kill Hamlet's father to get the throne.

SHAKESPEARE:

But the Queen wouldn't get the throne if she was Hamlet's father's sister. Hamlet would get it.

BACON:

Yes. I thought of that—but of course Hamlet doesn't count.

SHAKESPEARE:

Why not?

BACON:

Because he's crazy.

SHAKESPEARE:

What! But—he isn't.

BACON:

He *isn't?*

SHAKESPEARE:

Of course he isn't. He just pretends to be.

BACON:

Really? That's not the way I understood it.

SHAKESPEARE:

Well, it's the way I wrote it.

BACON:

Pardon. You mean it's the way you think you wrote it.

SOMERSET:

Aha! He has you there, Bill. Very good, F. B. *Very* good!

BACON:

Anyway—if Hamlet isn't crazy — we'll make him crazy.

SHAKESPEARE:

And everybody else—including *me!*

(He picks up snuff-box and slams it on the desk.)

SOMERSET:

Here, careful with that! It's full of rat poison.

SHAKESPEARE:

Sorry.

SOMERSET:

Go ahead, Frank.

BACON:

Like it so far?

SOMERSET:

Great! Improves the whole thing.

BACON:

Thanks—er—by the way. If you *do* accept my suggestions—what are we going to do about screen credit?

SHAKESPEARE:

Screen credit?

BACON:

Exactly. (To Somerset) You see—frankly, it isn't only a cleaning up job. There are certain obvious weaknesses in the motivation and characterizations that I've also had to fix up.

SOMERSET:

I suppose so.

BACON:

Naturally I'd want my name in the same sized type as Mr. Shakespeare's.

SOMERSET:

Sounds fair enough. What do you say, Bill?

SHAKESPEARE:

What do I say! What do I say! (He swallows hard) Nothing — absolutely nothing.

SOMERSET:

Good. That's a deal then. Go ahead Frank.

BACON:

Right. (He turns his back to Shakespeare) Pardon me. (To Somerset) The next point I have is in the closet scene between Hamlet and the Queen. Now of course the Queen being his aunt in my version changes the whole dialogue—

SHAKESPEARE:

(His eyes begin to glaze. He faces front and starts to recite over Bacon's words.)

"To be, or not to be: that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,"

BACON:

For instance, the whole speech beginning, "A bloody deed! Almost as bad, good mother, as kill a king, and marry with his brother." I changed that to, "A bloody deed! Almost as bad, good aunty, as kill a king and grab his royal shanty!"

SHAKESPEARE:

(His eyes falling on poison) "Or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them." He seizes the poison and swallows it, gasps, chokes and falls on the floor. Bacon and Somerset notice him.)

BACON:

What's the matter with him?

SOMERSET:

I don't know. (Walks to him.) He —he's dead. Mistress Drake!

Mistress Drake enters quickly as Somerset bends over the body.

MISTRESS DRAKE:

Y-yes, sir!

SOMERSET:

Oh—take a note. William Shakespeare's name comes off the payroll—as of this afternoon.

He and Bacon turn again to the script and continue talking as—

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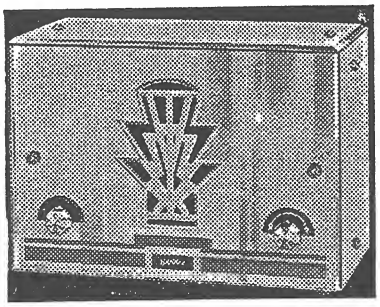

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The Shade Between . . .

***By* LOLITA ANN WESTMAN**

EVER since Pa had tol' him they were gonna move to another ranch, little tow-headed Zebby had dreamed of a train of cars an' lookin' out the window at won'erful things flyin' past. Big cities, maybe, like in his g'ography, an' a circus with elephants an' camels, most likely.

An' now the train had come an' it was bigger'n the whole world, almost! Why, he'd had to go up the steps on his hands an' knees. An' now he was squeezin' into a seat beside an ol' lady—like his Ma tol' him—an' standin' respeckful till she an' his baby sister got seated beside a fat lady.

Then the train started an' o' *course* he had to go an' fall almost into the ol' lady's lap. He said excuse me, but she gave him an awful mean look, and he edged away from her toward the window.

It was then he noticed that the shade was pulled down! Gosh, why was it?

He couldn't ask his Ma right then, cause she was talkin' to the fat lady, an' Pa said it was rude to int'rupt. But the ol' lady beside him seemed to read his mind.

"You can't have the shade up, young man!" she near snapped his head off. "The sun hurts my eyes."

Gosh, a course she *would* have to *yell* an' his Ma *would* have to hear an' bawl him out afore *everybody*.

He wiggled back in the seat, his legs dangling, and looked at the fat woman's funny hat. But pretty soon he got an idea. P'r'aps he could see *under* the shade!

With renewed hope, he bent his shoulders down to meet his knees, casting his eyes upward—but the sill was too high.

Time dragged, but after awhile a man came in an' yelled somethin' an' the mean ol' lady got up. Oh, gosh!

"Ma, *now* I kin have the shade up! Ma, can't I?"

His Ma turned around, an' she was awful mad—though *he* couldn't see *why*—what'd he done?

"If I hear another word outta you, I'm gonna wail you! Another word, mind you!"

Well, Pa said men never cried, no matter *what*, on'y—gosh—now prob'ly the circus was goin' past——

Gripping the seat with both hands, he swallowed hard.

He listened to things goin' past—whiz—whistle—an' then the car got all dark as they went through a tunnel! Pretty soon it was light again, and his ears got light, too!

After a long while of just sittin' he saw a big man across the aisle lookin' up from his newspaper an' smilin' at him. Almost bigger'n his Pa, the man was.

"Just move back a little, sonny," he said in a booming voice, "the shade's broke, but we'll have it up in a jiffy."

The light of a wonderful happiness dawned in Zebby's wide eyes.

And then his Ma wrapped the shawl around the baby's head.

"Now that's right kind of you, sir," she said real sweet, "but don't trouble yerself. We're gettin' off this station."

The Screen Writer Turns Novelist . .

***By* LOUELLA SHIRLEY**

GOT your book, Alice? Get set for a heavy session. I'm going to toss off a couple of chapters of my novel before that conference at 10. And for God's sake, keep this stuff hidden some place! If the supervisor found out I was taking time off from the script—! All right, read me back what you got from yesterday. Hmm . . . not bad! Not bad! I'll show these punks I can write a novel as good as any of Shakespeare's. But, listen, cross out all that hooey about the canoe—they were using a location like when Mary Pickford was the Biograph Girl. Are you ready, Alice? Let's go!

The saffron moon, yellow with the jaundice of age, rose sullenly through masses of black thunder clouds. The warm air seemed to hang over the man and woman, pushing them to earth, and the boom-swish-boom of the rising surf found its echo in the angry pulses of their hearts.

"I know your love for me is over—dead!" Gregory's voice was low, vibrant, in tune with the night and the boom-swish-boom of the rising surf. "It would have been kinder to tell me by letter or word of mouth even than to let me feel it like a slow rot in my heart!" Over the sound of his voice we hear the boom-swish-boom of the rising surf off-screen.

The girl sits, a frown on her troubled brow, like a Phoenix saying nothing, and rests her troubled glance on the dark figure beside her. She does a slow burn and then smiles, "Greg," she says, her voice like the softness of rain on parched ground, "foolish boy, I adore you indeed, more than any poor words of mine

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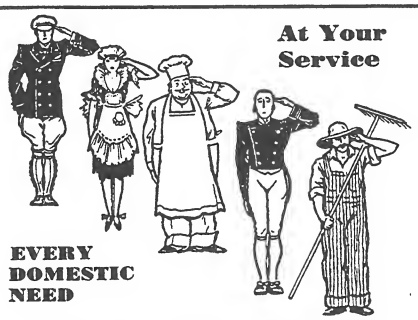
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can tell, but although you are, it is true, a royal monarch among men, you arouse no sex-longing within that thing which I call my soul. When you are around," she added kindly, "I just go blah!"

He focuses on her hands, placid and softly folded, like white lotus buds centered with pink, and he knows they would feel warm and firm against his mouth, like the warm breast of a mother against whom is resting the curly head of her little one. The old spell of her sweetness is on him again, driving him crazy with passion. . . .

What a relief it is, Alice, to a pent-up creativeness like I am, not to have to worry about censorship. This modern writing is a cinch. Where were we—oh, yes, crazy with passion. . . .

He takes her hand; she lets him. He glares at her in a nice way with eyes glassy with lust. Suddenly he grabs her and gives her a hard one smack on the mouth. She takes it big——

Hell, Alice! This is too original for a bunch of illiterate novel-readers! Call Mayer and tell him I got here a great idea for a Garbo picture.

N. Y. Grab Bag

(*Continued from page* 12)

the picture company that wanted to clap the famous Frank Merriwell into a picture and not hand out any meal checks.

The biggest ovation any actor or actress has fetched on an opening night was accorded to Tallulah Bankhead in *Dark Victory*. She brought out the greatest number of autographer hunters, and her entrance got the handclap of the season.

The town has been amazed to learn the truth about "Apple Annie" in *Lady For a Day*. A real apple seller was pulled out of Shubert Alley by a wily press agent—and now the town discovers that 44 aged women in this country and abroad were used to exploit the picture. They even did it in Sydney, Australia.

D. A. Doran, Jr., (former Fox ed) is to open a play Thanksgiving Night.

The original writer on the N B C radio serial, *The Gibson Family*, has been taken off and Owen Davis put on. He is getting the biggest sum ever paid a radio writer.

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Sketches by Kenneth Barlow

**"He who lives more lives than one,
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These men and women have died a thousand times—for your entertainment. An airplane crashes to earth. The pilot is killed. No doubt about it. A girl is hurled from a plane to certain death. A man leaps from the top of a burning oil derrick into a pool of liquid fire. An aerial acrobat misses the hands of his partner and crashes to the sawdust far below.

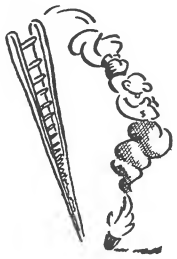
There was a time when the studios fostered the deception that the stars themselves took these desperate chances. The films still give the illusion, but the public has learned that in each hazardous venture the actor has an unnamed double. There are more than a score of these doubles, who receive no credit on the screen, yet bring pictures to a climax and thrill audiences throughout the world.

These are the stunt men and women of Hollywood. They're human insurance policies for the studios. That is, before undertaking a stunt, they sign away their lives, hold the studio harmless, while they, themselves, cannot get insurance except through Lloyds—and that is so high as to be prohibitive. Production managers bargain for their services, haggle sometimes over five or ten dollars, agree reluctantly to thirty-five dollars a day. At other times the double receives as high as a thousand dollars for a single stunt. Doubles, in the hands of "suicide directors," are sometimes sacrificed, but skilled stunt men and women, left to their own devices, seldom meet with catastrophe.

"No one gets hurt in the difficult stunts. You either come through or get killed," is the philosophical way Harvey Parry put it. "Easy stunts are dangerous, because the directors insist on a number of takes."

But this is not always the case, as Duke Green pointed out. Here is a bad one that landed Parry in the hospital: Green and Parry were to have a fight on a ladder that reached up and up for ninety feet and rested against a cliff overhanging the ocean. During the fight the ladder was pulled backward by wires. As they swung downward and outward on this ninety-foot arc, with perfect timing——which is essential to every stunt—both men let go and were flung far out into the ocean. Green escaped unhurt. Parry survived, with several broken bones. This was the highest tumbling dive ever made.

Perhaps the most daring woman in the movies is Mary Wiggins, young good looking, chic. There is hardly a stunt she will not do and has not done. Fire dives she detests, not because of the hazard, but because she must wear long woolens under her coveralls. Gasoline is sprayed on the coveralls and poured on the tank or lake below. A match is set to the lake, then to the diver. There can be no hesitancy about making the plunge.



THE FIRE DIVE

At exhibitions throughout the country this girl is the whole show. The most famous woman parachute jumper in America, she has tested every type of parachute now in use, and many which have been discarded as unsafe. From heights above the clouds she can calculate so nicely as to land on a napkin. In a picture recently made, a director asked her to land in a tree. Mary picked the tree and landed in it. Aside from doing stunts, she is the parachute expert for the Womens Air Reserve of which Florence Lowe ("Pancho") Barnes is the commanding general.

"Pancho" Barnes, who has held the world's speed record for women as well as other speed records, is the only woman member of the Associated Motion Picture Pilots, who furnish most of the thrills for flying pictures.

Of these pilots, Dick Grace has furnished the most thrills. Also, it is said, he has had more bones broken than any man now living. While still in his teens, he was a member of the Lafayette Escadrille. After the war he served as a naval aviator, and upon coming to Hollywood became a general stunt man. Grace formed "The Legion of Death."

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A partial role call of the stunt men and women of Hollywood would have at its head M. A. (Dick) Dickinson, who cannot be forgotten, though due to the countless thrills he has given to the millions, he is now paying a heavy toll—crippled for life. Otto Metzetti and Victor Metzetti are the men on the flying trapeze. As acrobats they have no peers.

"LEGION OF DEATH"

Audrey Scott is seen not only in pictures but in horse shows, putting her mount over the jumps.

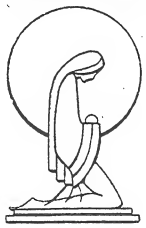
Ione Reed is a horsewoman of singular daring and specializes in falls, jumps, pickups. In a recently made picture she rode a bear up a tree. Never seriously hurt, she has appeared as the leading woman in Westerns and has played feature roles in many melodramas. In one picture she herself demanded a double—to do an Oriental dance.

Loretta Rush was the swimming and diving champion of Panama at the age of fifteen. Still in her teens she opened the Ambassador pool with a swimming and diving exhibition, and from that beginning became a stunt woman. Now an actress in scripted roles, she does her own doubling in water stunts and in escapes from burning buildings.

Also the role call would include Chick Collins, John Sinclair, Bill Jones, Gordon Carveth, Bobbie Rose, Jack Halbrook, Cliff Lyons, Matt Gillman, Janet Ford, Aline Goodwin....

Each has his specialty and yet each will successfully perform any stunt required—if left to his own devices. All are clear-headed, quick thinking, strong-bodied. They must think in split seconds when something goes wrong.

As doubles for the stars they have lived many lives. As stunt men and women they have died many deaths—on the screen, for your entertainment.



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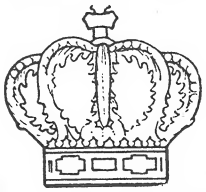

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From B. C. to A. D.

(*Continued from page* 15)

C. period was left far behind in the forward march of the movies. I am sure there is no industry wherein old ideas were so rapidly replaced by newer and better ideas and angles, especially cameras and camera angles. That first square-boxed camera I saw was often heated up in winter time by a funny little stove on the film box to keep "Old Man Static" at bay. Oh, weren't we advancing when the double circular-boxed Bell and Howell camera came along.

Improvement after improvement, new angle after new angle until bang! We took the silence from pictures and put it in the studio. QUIET PLEASE! Funny, we could be as noisy as we liked when making silent pictures. Now, with sound on film, we must have quiet; old Cyclops himself must not even whisper, so he is all blanketed up to the eye and motor-driven. If that monster had a voice he might say: "All I see with my one big eye will be used against you," and his side partner, "Mike" would join in with, "And that goes for me, too."

I wonder if the *next* twenty-eight years of pictures will bring as many changed angles as "us Carrs" have seen from B. C. to A. D.

Rabelais Comes to Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 14)

literary device, when he feels his material in danger of censorship. Communicated in reverse, the matter is brought out amusingly, as the account of Sennett-Keystone comedies should be—the brand of fast-and-furious fun which earned millions by its world-wide appeal.

Mack Sennett's story is the usual one of easy come, easy go. For years he rode the crest of the picture-wave, but was ultimately toppled from the heights. As for who killed Cock Robin when he seemed to have the whole world in his grasp, Gene Fowler concludes the book: "A nimble little rodent has become the world's hero. In the eyes of Mack Sennett, he must always remain a scraggly mustachioed villain, whose mischief will never be undone." Mickey Mouse, *coises!*

Those who lived through the pre-sound days will find that "Father Goose" has recaptured the flavor and *bon—camaraderie* of the period when studios were sneeringly called "camps" by outsiders, and when genuine good-fellowship prevailed hereabouts. It may have been pretty much life in the raw, but it was honest-to-God living. Thanks to Gene Fowler for recording it!

Sword Play . . .

(*Continued from Page* 7)

However, it is a game. The many conventions, rules and regulations make it so.

When it comes to practical fencing—by which I mean the fighting of a duel—many of the fascinating and clever thrusts indulged in with the foil must be dispensed with. Most of the conventions are eliminated as such indulgence would be extremely dangerous. Stripped of these conventions modern fencing acquires a close similarity with that prevalent during the days of d'Artagnan. At that time the defense consisted more in counter attacks than parries, and so it is today. In fact, marvelous science existed during the dagger and rapier period as far back as 1560. In those days of ambidextrous fencing, plenty of very clever hits were already in use.

Also, we must bear in mind that the swordsman of the past practiced daily not for the purpose of winning a championship in a harmless fencing competition, but for the grim purpose of killing his opponent. Brawls in taverns were frequent and street fights numerous. Many tricks which today would be considered foul play were perfectly legitimate. Footwork under such conditions was handicapped by the narrow, ill paved streets, and the furniture obstructed the limited space of inn or tavern. As the combatants had to rely on clever swordsmanship, the deduction must be that science could not have been greatly lacking. It meant life or death.

If it were possible to place a modern fencer under the same conditions and with the weapons used by our ancestors against a d'Artagnan, what would be the outcome? As a graduated fencing master and a student of ancient fencing from the fourteenth century to the present, I should hesitate to predict the outcome in favor of the modern fencer. But I emphatically state that the mediocre fencer would make a sorry figure.

In conclusion, I am happy to say that the sword-play in the movies has been the medium of a splendid propaganda for fencing in America. Letters from the fencing coaches of our universities indicate that this splendid sport, requiring intellectual as well as physical qualities, is gaining a greater number of adherents each year.

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Incident In Budapest

(*Continued from page 4*)

"I thought he was one of those wine and schnitzel boys," I said, "one of those famished journalists."

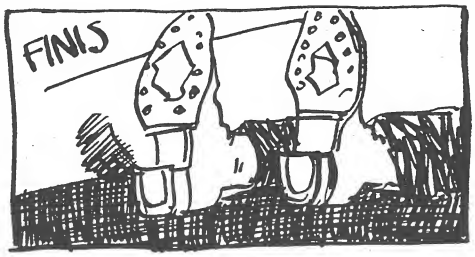
"No journalist," he said, as if that were as much of an insult to him as I had meant it to be to them. "His name is in the paper. They shoot him Saturday with all the others in Berlin."

It took me a minute to figure it out. To get to Budapest on Monday morning, the shoes must have been mailed in Berlin early Saturday. So, if my gold-toothed porter was right, the German, who had carried them off in his haste, must have mailed them back only a few hours, a few minutes perhaps, before the Black Guards broke into his apartment and shot him.

For a moment, I was tempted to ask the German's name, to check up on the porter myself in the newspapers. But I thought better of it. Anybody who could polish two men's shoes for days and still hand one of them, who wore elevens, the other's eight-and-a-halfs, was bound to be pretty inaccurate. The German's name might not be in the papers. He might even turn out to be one of those gulping journalists after all.

I prefered to believe the porter. What if my unnamed German had followed Hitler for a while? At least, he squared that when, with the rest of those strangely assorted conspirators, he had had the courage to turn against him. And surely, his nervous, hurried packing in No. 371—directly across the hall from my room—meant he'd had some wind of big things in the air back home in Germany. Even though he couldn't have known it would turn out to be all Hitler's show, clearly he appreciated the risks ahead. And there is something curiously stirring about his dutiful returning of a stranger's shoes in the midst of those last few dangerous and rapidly crowding hours.

When the Black Guards, crowding into his apartment, fired and he went down, I like to think he was wearing again his own, comfortable, snub-toed size elevens. I can see them very clearly, as they must have looked after he fell: highly-polished, blunt toes pointing toward the sky, showing the worn out soles.



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Concerning Actors and Writers . . .

(*Continued from page* 10)

united their efforts to present "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," and both independently later manifested the very characteristics that were visible in this revolutionary film — Ingram in "Scaramouche" which he made with the writing aid of Willis Goldbeck, and Miss Mathis in "Blood and Sand" which was directed by Fred Niblo. And, of course, there was Vicente Blasco Ibanez behind that, as also "The Four Horsemen," "Scaramouche" owing its authorship to Rafael Sabatini.

This all probably proves something, or nothing. But it seems to me, that it *does* mean that the writer somehow, somewhere, despite the conglomeration of authorship *does* have the chance. at least, to affix his seal and signet to his work, and without its being just a line on the opening title of the picture. That after all, is the least of it. A great reputation was never fashioned from the impress of a name on the cover of a book; it is fashioned from what is within the book that could be written by nobody else in the world. And so a mere name on the screen can become a liability as well as an asset.

What an actor is able to accomplish is, in part, owing to what the author or the mass of them gives him to do, and in a much more definite way to the director's influence. He is not out on his own in the same broad way as on the stage. A director can really build or break a star, and oftentimes does both. And actors, if they have anything to say about it, should choose their directors carefully. So, too, writers.

The best fulfillment is probably in the building of units or groups of people who work efficiently together on a picture. It is an idea that will grow in time as the new picture business mellows a bit; for it is *all new* since sound. Very new.

The perfection of individuality for each talent that is engaged in the picture cannot be brought about quickly; that too will take time. Personalities have had to become reestablished where they are older personalities, and the newer group have had to find themselves in the talkie field.

But unquestionably the films of the future will have to bear deeper and deeper the mark of those who make them if they are to progress. For it is that individual note—and that alone—which causes any form of expression truly to have life.

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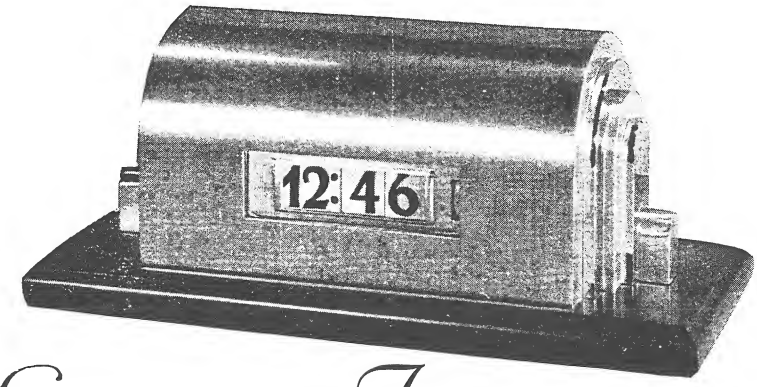

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